TRUDY *and* TIMOTHY

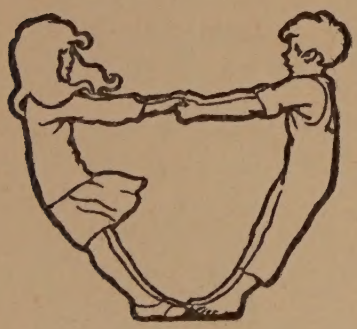
BERTHA CURRIER PORTER

To Kenneth Liberty.
For perfect attendance.
Village Congregational
Sunday School.
1917.

THE WHITE LADY MADE SUGAR CAKES

TRUDY AND TIMOTHY

By BERTHA CURRIER PORTER



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Trudy and Timothy

Introduction

Dear Boys and Girls:

Once I heard a boy say, very scornfully, "Oh, I wouldn't live in the country! It's a stupid place—nothing to do there!" and it made me very cross to hear him. But afterward I learned that all he knew about the country was whizzing over the roads in a big automobile, and he went through the villages and by the farmhouses so fast that he could not see what the people were doing—so how could he know anything about it?

Now really to know what fun you can have in the country, a boy or a girl must have three things to use—hands and feet and eyes—hands to keep busy doing things, for country people must do for themselves many tasks that city folks have done for them; feet to walk along the narrow roads and over the green fields, to climb the hills and to wade in the brooks; and

eyes to see the hundreds of wonders that city folks can never find.

If you read this book you will learn how Trudy left her city home and went to live for a while with grandmother and grandfather and Timothy at Todd's Ferry; how she made friends with Amos, and the White Lady, and the Santa Claus man, and Mr. Turner who could make maple-sugar, and ever so many other people; and what they did together.

And when you have finished the book, I wonder whether you will agree with the boy who sped through Todd's Ferry in the big automobile or with Trudy and Timothy, who lived there!

Contents

I.	Trudy Comes to Todd's Ferry	9
II.	The Home-Made Christmas	21
III.	The Lonesome Woods	35
IV.	School	47
V.	The Sugar-Party	60
VI.	Going Into Business	72
VII.	The Story of the Great Gale	83
VIII.	Salting the Cattle	96
IX.	The Little Red Farmhouse	108
X.	The Door-Step Store	119
XI.	The Store	133
XII.	Fourth of July	146
XIII.	The Air-Ship	157
XIV.	The Auction	169
XV.	Hallowe'en	181
XVI.	Trudy's Home	193
XVII.	Thanksgiving	206

Illustrations

PAGE

The White Lady Made Sugar Cakes . *Frontispiece*

It Was Surely Santa Claus 28

"What a Lovely, Lovely House!" 114

All the Other Children Crowded Around Outside 143

Down She Came, Very Slowly 190

Trudy and Timothy

CHAPTER I

TRUDY COMES TO TODD'S FERRY

It had snowed all the day before, and all night, but now the sun was shining, and Timothy was sliding on his flexible flyer. Timothy lived in a big white farmhouse, on the side of a New Hampshire hill. The name of the village was Todd's Ferry, and Timothy's name was Todd, too.

The road from the post-office came right up to the farmhouse door as if it wanted to go in, then remembered it must keep on to the next town and went away, down the hill. On the other side of the road was the sloping pasture where Susan, the cow, lived all summer. In winter she lived in the hay-scented barn, so grandfather had taken down the bars, and

Timothy was sliding from the door-yard, across the road and away down the pasture to the stone wall at the other side. Every time he dragged his sled back, he knocked on the glass in the door and called, "Grandma, where do you s'pose she is now?"

And grandmother answered, "Perhaps she is in the railroad station."

Next time she said, "Perhaps she is getting on the train," and at last she looked at the clock and said, "Oh, *now* she is in the way. The train has started!"

Then Timothy shouted with joy, and jumped on the sled so quickly and kicked his heels so high that the sled was frightened and ran away, and tipped him out in a snow-bank.

At the same time that Timothy was playing on the New Hampshire hill, a little girl was sitting with her father and mother in the station waiting-room in Boston. Her name was Gertrude, and her other name was Todd, and she was Timothy's cousin. They had never seen each other, because Timothy's father and mother had died when he was a baby, and he had al-

ways lived in the big white farmhouse with his grandfather and grandmother. Gertrude had lived in Boston, in a tall building with lots of other families, and she had never seen the country hills. But now she was going to visit grandmother and grandfather for a whole *year!* And she was going alone, too.

Her father had worked in a dark, hot office in a great ugly factory, and he had worked so hard and so long that it had made him sick, so the doctor had told him that he must go to Florida and stay there a year. Mother was going, too, to take care of him, but Gertrude was to live in New Hampshire on the farm with Cousin Timothy. And now they were all waiting for the train.

At last father went out into the train shed, and came back, saying, "Well, honey-bunch, it's time to go." They walked down past ever so many cars till they found one marked "This car for Todd's Ferry," and the brakeman swung Gertrude up the high step. Mother and father got in too, and stayed till the conductor shouted "All aboard," and then they both hugged Ger-

trude very hard, and said, "Be a good girl and mind Grandma," and hurried out of the car.

The train began to move. Gertrude flattened her nose against the window and watched them, standing on the platform as long as she could see them.

"Tickets, please," said a voice beside her, and there was the conductor, waiting.

She unfastened her new red bag and handed him her ticket, saying, "I want to get off at Todd's Ferry, please."

"I'll remember," he answered, "but it's a long way from here, and you'd better take off your coat and hat and make yourself comfortable. Have you any ticket for your child?"

Gertrude thought he meant it until she saw his eyes twinkle, then she took Bessie-doll into her lap and said, "She isn't five years old yet." He went on with a laugh that made the people in the car turn and look at the little girl in the big green seat.

The train hurried on and on. No one paid any attention to Gertrude. She began to feel

very lonely, and the tears crept into her eyes, but she remembered that she was a big girl, eight years old, much too old to cry. So she turned and looked out of the window. The train was rushing away from the houses and factories as fast as it could, and she saw brown fields with great rocks and thick green pine trees. Soon she saw patches of snow, and then a large pond, frozen over, with many children skating on it. There were more and more snow patches, and at last the fields were all white and sparkling in the bright sunlight. Gertrude saw the hills in the distance, and as she looked up their snowy sides, the sun shone full in her eyes. He winked at her, and he blinked at her, and he drove her tears away, and when he had coaxed a smile on her face, he whispered, "Timothy is waiting for you, over beyond those hills. I can see him."

Then the sun, high up in the blue sky, looked over on the other side of the hills at Timothy, who was still sliding on his flexible flyer. And he winked at him, and he blinked at him, and he shouted loud at him, "Gertrude

is coming on the train—on the rushing, hurrying train. I can see her."

Grandmother came to the door. She called, "Come, Timothy, come in now. It's getting cold, and I need some more wood. Come and fill the wood-box."

Timothy did not like to fill the wood-box, but to-day he was so excited about his cousin who was coming to live with him that he forgot to fuss, and went back and forth between the shed and the kitchen until the great wood-box was piled high with sticks for the fire. Grandfather came in with two shiny tin pails of warm milk. Behind him trotted Dilly, the cat, ready for her supper of froth from the milk pails. She sat down under the sink by her saucer, and waited while grandmother strained the milk. Grandfather and Timothy washed their hands, and when the sun had gone to bed behind the mountain, grandmother and grandfather and Timothy and Dilly all sat in the warm pleasant kitchen, waiting for the stage which would bring Gertrude from the train.

Gertrude and Bessie-doll had watched the sun slide down behind the mountain too, and there were long, long shadows on the ground when they left the train.

"Todd's Ferry—Todd's Ferry," shouted the brakeman. Gertrude hurried through the car and out onto the platform. The conductor helped her down the steps and said good-bye. The train puffed away. She looked about her. There were a few men on the platform, and a crowd of big boys and girls who had come up on the train from the high school, a few stations below.

A fat, jolly man in a shaggy fur coat came toward Gertrude.

"Are you the little girl that's going to Jonas Todd's?" he asked.

"I'm going to my Grandfather Todd's," said Gertrude. "It's where my Cousin Timothy lives."

"You're the girl, all right. Come on now. I've got something in the stage your grandma'am sent to keep you warm."

Gertrude followed him to a covered sleigh

that stood by the platform. He reached in and from the back seat took a warm shawl, wrapped Gertrude and Bessie-doll in it, and put them in the sleigh, on a buffalo robe. Then he tucked them all in tight with another buffalo robe.

"There now," he said, "if we meet Jack Frost on the way, he can't find you."

In a minute Gertrude heard a great banging and knocking as he strapped her trunk on the rack behind, threw a bag of mail in front, and climbed into his seat.

"Git-ap, git-ap," he shouted. The horses started, and they went swiftly over the smooth snow. The road lay between thick woods, but in the open spaces Gertrude could look up and see the stars. She thought there were a great many more stars in the country than in the city, but the driver told her it was because there were no street lights in the country to blind her eyes.

They stopped at the post-office to leave the mail, and when he jumped into the sleigh again, Gertrude leaned forward and spoke to him.

"Do you know my Cousin Timothy?"

My—how he laughed! "Know Timothy? I should say I did! Everybody in town knows Timothy Todd and Lamey."

"Who is Lamey?" asked Gertrude, but he was shouting "Git-ap, git-ap" to the horses, and did not hear her. Up the hill they went, along the road that wanted to live at Grandfather Todd's, till it brought them right to the door.

Timothy heard the bells first.

"She's coming! She's coming!" he cried.

"Whoa," called the driver.

Grandfather went to the door.

"Hullo, Jonas," said the driver. "I've brought you a boarder."

Grandfather lifted Gertrude, Bessie-doll and grandmother's shawl out from the nest of buffalo robes and handed the whole bundle to grandmother.

"Well, here's my little girl! Timothy, here she is—here's Gertrude."

Gertrude saw a little boy with thick red-brown hair, who peeked at her over the edge of

the table. His blue eyes were very wide open, and his hands twisted the buttons on his brown suit. Timothy saw a yellow-haired girl in a black coat with a wide blue collar, and a tight little black hat with a blue bow on the side. They looked at each other while grandfather and the driver carried the trunk up-stairs. Grandmother went too, to show them where to put it.

"I know what your name is," said Timothy.

"I know yours too. It's Timothy."

"Yours is Trudy."

"No, sir—it's Gertrude."

"Well, perhaps it's Gertrude when you're home, but up here it's Trudy. Lamey an' I decided to-day that your name would be Trudy."

Gertrude wondered again who Lamey was, but before she could ask, grandmother and grandfather came back, and they had supper. Timothy went to bed right after supper, and grandmother took Gertrude up-stairs. The bed was very broad and very high, and when Gertrude climbed into it she sank down and down among the feathers until she thought she would

never stop. After grandmother had heard her say her prayers, and kissed her, and had taken away the lamp, Gertrude was sure she was going to cry. But before the tears could come, the Sandman tiptoed through the room, and almost in a minute it was morning.

"Wake up, wake up, Trudy," called Timothy up the stairs. "Breakfast's all ready, and Lamey wants to make your 'quaintance."

"Run across the hall, dear, and dress in the warm room," said grandmother.

Gertrude looked all about the kitchen when she came down to breakfast, but there was nothing there except the cat, and grandmother said her name was Dilly. She looked out the glass panes in the door. There was Timothy, racing across the snow with his sled. On the sled was a box, and in the box stood something brown and feathery. He saw her and capered up to the door-stone, bringing the sled around with a great flourish.

"Good-morning," he shouted, "good-morning, Cousin Trudy! Here's Lamey, come to see you this fine morning."

He stooped and lifted Lamey from the box.

"Say hullo to your Cousin Trudy, Lamey dear," he cooed, stroking her neck.

"Quawk—qua-a-a-awk," said Lamey.

Lamey—was—a—hen!

CHAPTER II

THE HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS

GERTRUDE soon learned that Lamey was not the only hen on the farm. In the barn lived more than a hundred other hens, and grandfather said that in the spring there would be three or four hundred chickens. Some of the hens were brown, like Lamey, and some were speckled and gray. Susan, the old cow, lived in the barn too, and Daisy, the young cow, and Jack, the horse, who took grandfather to the store when he went after grain. Lamey had been bitten in the leg by a skunk one night. Grandfather had frightened the skunk away, and brought Lamey into the kitchen. Here she had lived behind the stove until she was well again, but she could never run as before. She hopped along with a funny little skip, so Timothy named her Lamey. She had grown

tame in the house, and would let Timothy do almost anything with her.

Gertrude's mother had said that she was to go to school with her cousin, but it really seemed like vacation. No one spoke of school at all.

"Don't they have school in the country?" she asked one day.

"Of course," said Timothy, "but the fall term is over, and the spring term hasn't begun."

Grandmother explained that the houses were so far apart, and the snow so deep that all the children could not get to the schoolhouse in the coldest weather, and the terms were different from those in the city. So Trudy and Timothy had little to do except to play and get acquainted. When Gertrude could not understand why hens had to have chicken-cake baked for them, Timothy was very scornful.

"How do you s'pose we'd fatten those chickens for market if they didn't have the right things to eat?" he asked.

But when Gertrude asked him what street and number his house was, he didn't know what she meant. "We just live on the back road,"

he said. "Everybody knows Mr. Todd's house." Gertrude tried to tell him about the miles of houses in the city streets, all numbered, but he would not listen, and soon they were almost quarreling. Grandfather was resting in the red rocking-chair. He called them to him.

"You sit on one arm, Trudy," he said, "and Timothy on the other. Now let me tell you something. You must not quarrel about the city and the country. Trudy knows things that Timothy doesn't, and Timothy knows things that Trudy doesn't. But grandfather knows that city and country are very different, yet we couldn't get along without either. I live in the country and raise chickens, and folks in the city buy them, so we help each other. And pretty soon I'm going to the station with a box of them—who wants to go?"

"I do—I do!" cried Timothy.

"I do—I do!" cried Trudy.

So they all went out to the barn, and Timothy held the shafts while grandfather backed Jack into the sleigh, and Trudy tried to drag the heavy buffalo robe from the seat.

At the station they drove to the platform where Trudy had met the stage-driver. She saw him now, sitting on a baggage-truck.

"Hullo, Red-top," he shouted, and Timothy turned red in the face.

"What does he call you that for?" asked Gertrude.

"That's what his name ought to be—Timothy's grass and Red-top's grass—and his top is red enough, ain't it?"

Timothy pulled his brown cap down over his red hair. The men on the platform laughed, but Gertrude thought they were rude. One tall, thin man got up from his seat and walked over to Timothy, patting him on the shoulder. "Never you mind, sonny," he said; "it's better to have red hair than none at all." Then how they laughed at the man who had tried to plague Timothy, because, you see, he was very, very bald.

"Oh, Amos," cried Timothy, "when did you get back? See, Amos, here's my Cousin Trudy. She's living at our house."

"Is that so?" said Amos Bean. "Ain't she

a fat little girl? Most as fat as your chickens. Guess you feed her on chicken-cake, too, don't you? Goin' to have her for Christmas dinner?"

"I guess not," replied grandfather, putting his arm around her. "She's too good to eat."

The box of chickens was all weighed now, so they drove away in a hurry because it was almost train time and Jack-horse was afraid of the cars. They stopped at the post-office on the way home, and grandfather asked for the mail.

"Here's a card for Miss Gertrude Todd," said the postmaster; "does that go to your house?"

"It's mine!" cried Gertrude. "Oh, goody—goody!"

It was a postal card from Florida, and there was one for Timothy, too, and one for grandfather, and a fat letter for grandmother.

Trudy's card was a picture of oranges growing on the trees, and Timothy's showed a big alligator, with a little boy standing on his back, and driving him with reins like a horse. Timothy almost wished that Lamey would turn into an alligator. On the cards it said, "Don't forget that Christmas is coming. Watch for Santa

Claus—it is just the place to see him—in the woods."

"It is almost Christmas, isn't it?" said Trudy. "If I was home I'd be buying Christmas presents and ornaments for my tree. There isn't a ten-cent store here, so we can't get any."

"We do have a Christmas tree, don't we, grandma?" said Timothy.

"Of course. This is the place where Christmas trees grow. And we can do the way I used to when I was a little girl, before there were any ten-cent stores. We can make all the ornaments."

"And the wreaths, too?"

"Certainly. The wreaths grow on the ground under the snow. If you hunt in the woods, you will find sheltered places with beautiful evergreen running over the ground. You and Timothy can gather some, and we will make a wreath for every window."

Across the sloping meadow, up on the side of the hill that climbed to the mountain, Gertrude had seen whitey-brown piles of something. Grandfather told her they were boards, and in

the spring men would come and build a house there. A wood road led from the pasture to the piles of boards. It was along this road that the evergreen grew thickest, so Trudy and Timothy went there one day to gather their wreaths.

"I never picked Christmas wreaths before," she told him. "At home we buy them in a store or out of a push-cart. This is ever so much more fun."

"There are lots of Christmas trees here, too. This would be a good place for Santa Claus to get some."

"Wouldn't it be great if we could see him?"

They ran about, pulling long strings from the ground. Suddenly Trudy stood quite still. "Listen!" she whispered.

Timothy listened. "It's only a deer," he said; "he'll run away."

Trudy had never seen a deer, so they crept softly, softly through the trees toward the noise.

"Oh!" breathed Trudy.

"Gee!" said Timothy.

There, feeling of a beautiful, thick Christmas tree, stood Santa Claus himself! He did not see

them. But they saw him. They saw his jolly red face. They saw his snowy white hair. They saw his curly white beard. To be sure, he wore a fur coat, instead of his red and white suit, and there were no reindeer in sight, but it was surely Santa Claus. They had seen his picture often enough to know.

They scarcely breathed, until, without looking at them, he slowly walked away, fingering tree after tree.

"He is picking out his Christmas trees," whispered Trudy.

"Let's hunt and see if we can find his reindeer."

They looked all about in the woods, and searched the snow for tracks, but could not find any.

When they came racing home with the evergreen, they shouted the wonderful news.

"We have seen Santa Claus! He was picking Christmas trees! Does he live here?"

"Probably he was looking around to see if you were good children," remarked grandfather, with a glance at the empty wood-box. Timothy ran

IT WAS SURELY SANTA CLAUS

to the shed and in a jiffy the box was full. After supper Trudy wiped the dishes.

There were secrets in the farmhouse during the next few days. While grandfather and Timothy were hammering on a—something—in the barn, grandmother and Trudy were sewing on a—something—in the kitchen. And one day when grandfather and grandmother went to ride Trudy and Timothy made some match-scratchers and calendars. It was dark very early now, and the evenings were long. But what good times they all had in the farmhouse kitchen! Grandmother spread newspapers over the table-cloth, and they all made wreaths for the windows, with a big one for the glass pane in the door. In some of them they put branches of pine with tiny brown cones on them, and in the door-wreath were some red partridge berries that grandfather had found under the snow.

Then grandmother made flour paste and hunted up pieces of shiny bright-colored paper. These they cut in strips and pasted into rings, looping each one into the one before it, until they had long glittering chains. Grandfather

popped corn, and they strung that, with now and then a red cranberry. Not all the pop-corn went on the strings, though—some of it went into two little red mouths.

The day before Christmas grandfather brought home a tree. It looked almost exactly like the one they had seen Santa Claus feeling of. He set it up in the sitting-room, near the fireplace, where it would be convenient for Santa Claus when he came down the chimney.

Every day the children had hunted in the woods, but they had not seen Santa Claus again. Once they found Amos Bean setting his traps. They told him about it.

"You won't see him now," said Amos. "This is his busy time. Why, he may be away down in Florida, where Trudy's mother and father are, or out West somewhere. I guess he'll be back here Christmas Eve."

Trudy and Timothy worked all the afternoon trimming the tree, and the paper chains and strings of pop-corn looked very grand indeed. Then they hung on their presents for grandmother and grandfather. There was a calendar

with "Grandmother from Trudy" on it, and a match-scratcher with "Grandfather from Trudy." And there was a calendar with "Grandfather from Timothy" and a match-scratcher with "Grandmother from Timothy." They hung the wreaths in the windows and the door. While they were eating supper Trudy said that a home-made Christmas was ever so much better than "a boughten one."

"Now, children, you must scamper to bed. And whatever you hear, don't peek, will you? Because this is Santa Claus' own night, and he is dreadfully rushed, and doesn't like to be disturbed."

They both promised grandmother, but it was such hard work to go to sleep. Their eyes would *not* stay shut. They heard every creak of the boards, snapping in the cold. They heard the little mice, running about in the walls. They heard grandmother, walking in the rooms below. Then, after everything had been quiet a long time, they heard bells!

"Timothy," called Trudy softly, "do you hear him?"

"It might be grandfather," said Timothy, "but we can tell, because if it's grandfather, he'll say 'Whoa.'"

They listened and listened. The bells came nearer. They stopped before the house. There wasn't a single sound—nobody said a word! Only in a little while the bells jingled away!

"It *was* Santa Claus! He's been—he's been!" whispered Trudy loudly. "Oh, Timothy, don't you wish it was morning?"

Very early, before it was light, they woke. They hurried down to the kitchen where they had hung their stockings. And there they were, brimming full, and all bumpy with some heavy round things. Timothy pulled his out first.

"Oranges!"

"Santa Claus *did* go to Florida, just as Amos said, didn't he?"

And he must have, for, besides the oranges in the stockings, they found a great box of them in the shed that wasn't there the day before. He had loaded the tree with packages, too. Toys and games, two new dresses for Bessie-doll, a pair of cuff-buttons for grandfather, a pin for

grandmother—oh, there were so many lovely things! And then there was the something that was made in the barn, which turned out to be a doll-house for Trudy, and the something that was made in the kitchen, which was a warm cape and cap for Lamey to wear when she had her rides on the flexible flyer! It took all the forenoon to really see everything there was on that wonderful tree.

For dinner there was a fat chicken, and such a beautiful "moreish" pudding. Timothy was sighing with content when he remembered Lamey.

"Oh, dear," he cried, "I forgot poor Lamey. She hasn't had a bit of a Christmas dinner."

"Did you look in her house?" asked grandfather.

Timothy had made a house for Lamey in the shed, out of an old box. He pretended that she lived there, and had fixed a make-believe telephone for her so she wouldn't be lonesome.

"Why don't you call her up?" asked grandmother.

Timothy went to the wall and took up a spool that hung from a hook.

"Hello," he called. "Hello—is this Lamey? . . . How are you, Lamey, dear? . . . I'll be out pretty soon and give you a nice Christmas dinner."

A funny squawky voice sounded in the room. "I'm eating my nice Christmas dinner now, Timothy. Come out and see me."

Timothy looked at Trudy. Trudy looked at Timothy. They ran to the shed. Grandmother followed them to the door, and grandfather stood looking over her shoulder.

There was Lamey, walking slowly around a tiny tree, about a foot high, and reaching up to peck off bits of chicken-cake and kernels of corn that were scattered over the branches.

"Why—why"—squealed Timothy, "Santa Claus brought Lamey a Christmas tree too, didn't he?"

Lamey did not look at them, but the funny squawky voice came again. "Yes, yes," it said, "and a dinner on the tree. I like my corn before it is popped."

CHAPTER III

THE LONESOME WOODS

BILL, the big boy who worked at the store, drove into the door-yard a few days after Christmas. He brought some groceries for grandmother, and a heavy package.

"Here's an express package for Gertrude and Timothy Todd," he said.

"What do you suppose it is?" asked Timothy, lifting it. "It's awful heavy."

"Something from father—something nice," answered Trudy. "Let's open it quick."

Bill wanted to see what it was himself, so he waited while Trudy picked at the knots and Timothy tore off the paper.

"Oh—oh—oh," cried Trudy. "Skates—double-runner skates!"

Timothy sat down on the floor and began to put his on at once. "They fit all right. Come on, let's go out and try them. Grandma,

may we ride down to the village with Bill and go skating on the pond?"

But grandmother thought that such a little boy and girl should try new skates nearer home, so Bill rode away alone. Trudy and Timothy went down behind the barn, where there was a wee bit of a pond in a low swampy place. But the ice was smooth and slippery, and they were soon skating back and forth, growing bolder with each stroke.

In a little while Timothy climbed up to the barn, and came back with Lamey under his arm.

"I'm going to teach Lamey to slide," he said.

But Lamey decided she did not care to learn. She would not take a step on the ice, but stood perfectly still. Timothy could not coax her to move. At last he grew angry, and began to push her. Poor Lamey slipped and slid, and tried to run from this strange and frightful place. Then she sprawled more than ever, and fell on her side, and squawked dreadfully with terror. She looked so funny, and Timothy was so cross, shouting at her and chasing her and

trying to catch her, that Gertrude laughed and laughed. There was so much noise that they did not hear steps on the snow behind them.

"I don't believe Lamey cares much about skating. Suppose you put her back in the barn and go for a walk with me?"

"Oh, Amos," shouted the children. "Did grandmother say we could go?"

Amos nodded. "She's fixing some luncheon for us now. You see I have been mending her closet door and working pretty hard, and I thought now I needed some play."

Lamey had finally scrambled to her feet and run back to the barn. The children showed Amos their new skates, and then they all went into the house. Grandmother put sweaters under their coats, buttoned on their long gaiters and pulled their stocking caps down over their ears. Amos took the bundle of luncheon.

"Bring them back before the sun gets too low, won't you, Amos?" called grandmother as they crossed the road to the meadow.

"Where are we going?" asked Trudy.

"In the woods, of course," replied Timothy;

"that's where Amos always goes. Amos knows everything about woods. He can do anything too, can't you, Amos?"

Amos laughed a little.

"Won't it be lonesome in the woods?" Trudy said, looking up at the big mountain.

Then Amos laughed a great deal.

"We'll see what you think about that when we get home."

The snow was hard and firm. Amos called it a "crust," and they walked on it easily. At the farther edge of the meadow were several apple trees with frozen apples hanging brown and withered.

"Chk-chk-chk-chk-chk-chk," sounded over Trudy's head, so loud and angry that she jumped with fright.

"That's only a red squirrel, afraid we're going to steal his dinner of apples. There he goes—see him?"

Trudy's city eyes were not quick enough to find Mr. Red Squirrel as he scampered away, but Timothy saw him at once. Farther in the wood they heard "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee," and

turned off the wood road to find him. This time Trudy was quicker and she called to Amos, "Oh, there he is! I see him—why, he's falling—he's hanging with his head down."

Timothy was dreadfully scornful. "My, aren't girls stupid! Don't you know chickadees can turn somersaults?"

Amos took a paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and hung a piece of pinky-white stuff to the branch of a tree.

"What's that?" asked Trudy, turning away from Timothy.

"Suet—for chickadee that's calling to us, and any of his sisters or his cousins or his aunts. It's pretty hard for the birds to get enough to eat in winter, so I help them all I can."

Timothy had run ahead and was looking sharply at the ground. He called them now, and they hurried to see what he had found. At the foot of a birch tree the snow crust was covered with fresh chips of wood. "Hullo," said Amos, "Mr. Woodpecker thinks of building a bedroom, doesn't he? Well, we'll give him some supper, too." And he hung another

piece of suet on this tree. He showed Trudy the hole in the trunk, and told her that a bird had done it with his sharp bill to have a warm place to sleep. Later they heard a tap-tap-tapping and Trudy saw a woodpecker at work.

Now they were on the road that led to the lumber piles that Trudy had seen from home. Amos proposed that they should go up there where there was a warm sunny spot and eat their lunch. They sat on the piles of boards and ate the sandwiches and doughnuts that grandmother had given them. Trudy was thirsty, but Timothy said they would have to wait till they found a spring, because there wasn't any house where they could get a drink. But Amos said, "Perhaps we can fix that, Timothy. See if you can find some dry twigs."

Timothy soon came back with an armful of dry, brittle wood. Amos made a pile, took the paper that the suet had been wrapped in, found a match in his vest pocket, and—there was a blazing little fire! He took a tin cup from his pocket, filled it with snow, and when the fire had died down, set the cup in the hot ashes.

The snow melted, he put the cup in a snow bank to cool the water, and Trudy had her drink.

"Didn't I tell you Amos could do anything?" proudly said Timothy.

Far away they heard cries that came nearer. Men were calling, "Whoa—back there—easy now," and every few minutes they heard a long shrill squeak. "Hullo," said Amos, "I shouldn't wonder if we were going to have company." He winked at Timothy. "Guess Trudy won't be so very lonesome, after all."

They went back into the road and looked up the hill. Four horses were coming slowly down, dragging a great sledge, with broad runners that squeaked over the hard snow. On the sledge were ever so many tree trunks, piled up between strong stakes and held by heavy chains. Behind the sledge came another and another. The man who was driving shouted at them, "Look out—get out of the road."

Amos swung Trudy up on a pile of boards, where she would be safe, yet could see everything. Timothy scrambled up beside her. Amos

stood by them. The sledge came slowly down the road. The driver tugged at the reins and stopped on a level spot to rest the horses.

"Well, well," he said, "if this isn't the little girl that had a ride with me in November."

It was the stage-driver!

Trudy was very much surprised to see him away up in the woods, but he told her that in winter, when there were not many people riding on the stage, he hired a man to drive it for him, and he worked in the woods logging. He had nine horses, and it was not good for them to stand all winter in the barn, so he used them to drag the logs from where they were cut to the mill, where they would be sawed into boards like those Trudy was standing on.

"Take the kids up and let 'em see the boys chop, Amos," he called as the horses started, "that is, if you haven't got to go back to work."

Trudy did not like the way he laughed when he said that. It was really a very unkind thing to say, because every one knew that Amos had no work to go to. All the grown folks thought

Amos was lazy, because he did not work like other people. In the summer he did odd jobs for several families who spent their vacations at Todd's Ferry, but even then he would not work unless he felt just like it. Trudy wanted him to know she liked him, whether he worked or not, so she slid her little hand into his big one, saying softly, "Mr. Amos, will you take me up to see them chop?" She did not exactly know what "chop" meant, but she wanted to get as far away from the stage-driver as possible.

Up the road they climbed, slipping on the smooth sledge tracks, till they heard talking close by. Just around the turn they saw the men. And then Trudy learned what "chopping" meant! For instead of grand, tall trees, growing thickly together, she saw broad yellow stumps. Around them were tangles of green branches, all cut off and left anyhow on the ground. They looked like carpets of Christmas trees. The great trees lay on the ground, too, their limbs all cut away. One tree had just fallen and men stood along its trunk, hacking at the branches with sharp axes. Around another

tree stood more men, swinging axes that glittered in the sunlight.

"Watch that tree," said Amos.

Up and down—up and down—went the axes. Then the men took a long two-handled saw, and sawed and sawed through the tree. Back and forth—back and forth—went the saw. A man shouted. They all sprang back and stood waiting. The tall tree shook and trembled. Then it leaned a little away from the men who had cut it. Farther it leaned—farther—farther—until it fell with a loud crash, and the earth jarred under Trudy's feet. She hid her face in Amos's coat. "I don't like it," she sobbed; "I want to go home. I don't want to see the poor trees killed." But Timothy's eyes shone, and he called her a cry-baby. He ran to the fallen tree and climbed up on the stump.

Amos explained to Trudy that men needed the trees to make houses to live in. He told her, too, that unless some of the trees were cut, there would be no room for the young trees to grow. The old ones would crowd them out, and when the old ones died there would be only

weak, useless little ones. Still she did not want to see another one fall, so, as the sun was getting low, Amos called Timothy and they started home. They met the stage-driver coming back with the empty sledge, but Trudy would not speak to him. They did not go home on the wood road, but straight across the fields and pastures. They could see the smoke from grandfather's chimney, and they walked straight toward that. A fox barked at them and ran for his hole. Soon after they met a man with a gun.

"Did you see that fox?" he said. "He got three of my chickens last night, and now I'd like to get him."

"Over that wall, Jacob," replied Amos, "but you won't get him to-night. Better come along home with us."

"I guess this is Jonas's little granddaughter, isn't it?" said Mr. Turner as he walked along with them. "My farm is just above your grandfather's. You must come over and see me some day. Timothy, you bring her over in sugaring time. We'll have some sugar-cakes on the snow."

Mr. Turner was a jolly little man, with a funny round face and a bald head. Trudy liked him at once and said she would be glad to come and see him with Timothy.

The sun was waiting right on the edge of the mountain to see if they reached home safely, and when he saw grandmother open the door for them he went to bed in a hurry.

"Supper's all ready," said grandmother. "There is a plate for Amos, and I've made hot biscuits, and there's honey, too. Did you have a good time?"

"Oh, it was splendid," sighed Trudy. "I never had such a lovely time in all my life."

"Too bad it was so lonesome," said Amos soberly.

Trudy ran to him and tried to shake him. "I'll never say the woods are lonesome again," she declared. "Why, there was somebody or something to see every single minute!"

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL

Away down in Florida Trudy's mother was reading aloud to Trudy's father, when suddenly she stopped and put down the book.

"What is the matter?" asked father.

"I was thinking about Gertrude, away up in the snow. I hope she is not lonesome, all this long winter, without us."

While father and mother were sitting under the green trees, listening to the birds and talking about Gertrude, she was watching the feathery snowflakes float past the kitchen window. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and the first day of school.

Grandfather was in the barn, harnessing Jack-horse to the sleigh, to take Trudy and Timothy to the schoolhouse.

"I don't think this is much like spring,"

said Trudy. "What makes them call it a spring term?"

"It will be spring before the term ends," replied Timothy. "It's almost time for sap to run now. Come on, here's Gramp."

Jack-horse stamped around the corner of the house. Timothy snatched a tin pail from the table and dashed out the door. Grandmother handed another pail to Trudy.

"Here's your dinner, dear. Now be a good girl, and make friends with everybody."

"Don't we come home to dinner?"

"Oh, no, it is too far. Grandpa will come for you as long as it is cold, but later you and Timothy can walk home when school is over."

Timothy was busy hitching his flyer to the back of the sleigh.

"Hop in," said grandfather, making a place for them.

"Good-bye," called grandmother, waving her apron.

"Good-bye—good-bye," they shouted. "Get up," said grandfather, and away they went, the

sled bobbing and jumping behind the sleigh as if it too was glad to go to school.

Trudy recognized the schoolhouse as soon as she saw it, because there was a tall flagpole in front of it. But it was not at all like her school at home. That was brick and very large, and it stood on a busy street, where electric cars and automobiles ran all day long. This schoolhouse was of wood, and so tiny. Why, it had only *one room!* And it stood all by itself, in a little opening at the edge of a wood, and there was all outdoors to play in at recess. On the other side of the narrow road was a pond, just big enough for all the children to skate on, and the road itself was hilly and made just the best kind of a slide. There was nothing to watch out for either, because very few teams passed on this road in winter.

Trudy decided she should like Miss Fields, the teacher, very much. She was so pretty and smiled so happily when grandfather said, "Here's a new little girl, Miss Fields—a little city girl come to learn how nice the country is."

When the children came in, Trudy was sur-

prised again. There were only fourteen pupils —eight boys and six girls. Three girls were about as old as Trudy, but two must have been thirteen or fourteen. It was so strange. It really seemed like playing school. Not until they stood up and gave the familiar salute to the flag did Trudy begin to feel at home. Miss Fields called her up to the desk and asked her about her lessons. Then she gave her some books and told her what to study.

At recess time Trudy expected that Timothy would come and play with her, and perhaps give her a slide on the flexible flyer as he did at home, but he did not even look at her. With a whoop and a shout he raced away with the other boys to coast. Trudy stood alone, feeling a little bit bashful, until Miss Fields took her hand and led her up to the other girls. "Take Gertrude out and show her your nice slide," she said.

Belle Perkins was putting on her skates. "I'll take care of her, Miss Fields," she said. "Gertrude, you come with me."

"Oh," said Trudy, for Belle was no bigger

than herself, "can you skate on single skates? Mine are double-runners. My father sent them to me after Christmas, but I can't skate very well yet."

"Bring them to-morrow, will you?" cried May Barnes. "We've got a dandy place to skate, and we'll teach you."

"Can you speak any pieces?" asked Belle. "We're going to have an entertainment in the Town Hall on Washington's Birthday. The school is going to give it to raise money to buy a flag. Perhaps Miss Fields will let you speak a piece if you know any. And we're going to have some tableaux too—scenes from the life of Washington——"

"I have a Martha Washington costume. I had it for our dancing-school party. It's a pink dress with a long skirt, and a flowered waist and over-skirt, and I had my hair all done up in puffs and powdered with starch."

Belle and May seized her by the hands and rushed her into the schoolhouse.

"Teacher—teacher," they gasped, "she's been to dancing-school, and she's got a Martha

Washington dress! Can she be in the entertainment?"

"Of course she may. That will be very nice."

"I did the minuet in that costume," said Trudy shyly.

Miss Fields thought a minute.

"Stand beside her, Belle. Yes, you are almost the same height. Perhaps if your mother would be willing to make you a costume like Gertrude's we could get two of the boys, and learn the minuet for part of the entertainment. We should have to send for the music——"

"Oh, Miss Fields, the music is with my costume—I know it is," interrupted Trudy.

"And Amos and the orchestra could play!" Belle and May hopped up and down with excitement.

On the way home Trudy talked so fast that grandfather said he knew he should have an earache. Timothy was rather jealous and had not much to say. He would not even play with Trudy till supper was ready. "I'm going out to teach Lamey the s'lute to the flag," he said when she asked him.

After supper when grandmother took Trudy's Martha Washington costume out of the trunk and was looking at it, he was really sulky. He was so naughty that grandmother sent him to bed, and he stamped hard on every stair when he went up. "Timothy!" said grandfather sternly.

"Well, I don't care if she is going to be Martha Washington. I'm going to be a soldier at Valley Forge, and have a gun, and be layin' in the snow, all in rags, and have lots o' bloody bandages on me, where I've been shot!"

Later, when they began to practice the tableaux and the speaking after school, and Timothy found that he was going to be in "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and carry the flag, he wasn't cross any more, and worked as hard as any of them. Every one had something to do. Mrs. Perkins made Belle a dress like Trudy's, and Mr. Perkins—he was the stage-driver—borrowed some guns for the soldiers at Valley Forge. The guns belonged to the Grand Army, and they were so big and heavy that the soldiers could not carry them, but they looked

very warlike stacked up in a corner of the camp.

Trudy and Timothy could hardly wait until the twenty-second of February, and poor Lamey was drilled and marched about the barn until grandfather had to tell Timothy that he must let her alone.

The day came though they thought it never would. Of course there wasn't any school, but in the forenoon there was a dress rehearsal in the Town Hall. Amos came to help fix the stage, and everything was confusion. The boys were dragging the guns around, Amos was sawing and pounding, the girls were all trying to learn the minuet from Belle and Trudy, and Miss Fields was almost cross. It did seem as if nothing went right. Everybody forgot what he was to do, and Trudy went home almost crying, she was so afraid the entertainment would be a failure.

After supper it was so exciting. All the children were in a little room at the side of the stage, and they could hear the people in the hall talking and laughing and moving their chairs

about. Just as Miss Fields was powdering Trudy's hair, Amos came in to say that everybody in town was out in front. Timothy could not wait another minute. He ran onto the stage and peeked out with one eye at the side of the curtain. There was Mr. Turner, sitting in the very front seat, with the boys who were too small to go to school. Mr. Perkins was there with Mrs. Perkins; grandfather and grandmother; Mr. McAdam, the storekeeper, was coming in the door; Bill was up back in the window-seat. Oh—everybody was there, as Amos said.

Amos himself played the violin in the orchestra, Miss Fields played the piano, and Belle's big, grown-up brother, the flute.

At eight o'clock Miss Fields whispered, "Now, children, all keep perfectly still till I come back again," and slipped out the door. They heard Amos tuning his violin, and then the orchestra played "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." While the audience was clapping Miss Fields slipped back again, and hurried the children onto the stage for the first tableau. It was "Washington and the Cherry-tree." Amos

had fixed a broken tree on a board: there was green cloth on the stage to look like grass, and Washington, the littlest boy in the school, stood by the tree with a hatchet. He was looking up at his father, who was Ben Dobson, a big tall boy. Ben was supposed to look very stern and severe, but he almost spoiled everything by laughing. Trudy was in this one too, as Washington's mother, with her handkerchief at her eyes, as if she was crying. They all stood exactly as Miss Fields had told them, and the curtain went up. They could hear Miss Fields whispering, "Steady, steady—keep still," and they tried as hard as ever they could, but when the curtain went down and the audience clapped so loud and so long, they all ran to her, saying, "Did we do it right? Was it all right?"

After the first it was easier. Maud Fletcher and Bessie Hudson, the two big girls, sang a duet, the orchestra played another piece, "America," and then came "Washington Crossing the Delaware." Maud Fletcher played on the piano while they were getting the tableau ready. It was hard work, and all the boys had

to help Amos. They pulled a real boat on the stage, and there were cakes of real ice piled up against it, and blue cambric to look like water. The sailors tugged hard on the oars, as if they were pulling against a raging river; Washington stood in the bow, with his army cape wrapped about him, and looked straight ahead. Behind him stood Timothy, holding a beautiful silk flag that belonged to Miss Fields. The audience didn't wait for the curtain to go down on this tableau before they began to clap. They clapped and clapped and clapped until the curtain went up again, and then they clapped some more.

The next was a recitation, and then came the minuet. To almost everybody this was a surprise. Miss Fields played for them, and they all did splendidly. No one made a mistake. And then they had to do it all over again. Every one was laughing and talking about it when the curtain went up on "Washington at Valley Forge!" There wasn't any more laughing then. The stage was dark, like night, and the ground was all snowy. At the back were

the guns stacked up, and all around on the ground lay the soldiers in their rags and their bloody bandages. Some had strips of cloth about their feet instead of shoes. Washington, in his cloak, stood watching them. Timothy was in front, and he lay so still and looked so white in the dim light, and the red paint on his bandages looked so much like blood that Trudy almost cried. It was very sad until Mr. Perkins whispered loudly, "There's Red-top—I see his hair!" and then every one laughed.

The orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the audience stood up and everybody sang, and that was the end of the entertainment. Oh, it was just grand—it made your heart go thump—thump!

All the children ran out among the audience now, and talked very fast and told their fathers and mothers all about how they did it, and grandmother said that Trudy and Timothy did very well, and Mr. Turner said that if there was ever another war he guessed the country would have some pretty good soldiers, and then Miss Fields announced that the orchestra would play

if any one would like to dance. And that there was ice-cream for sale. She called the children, and between the dances Trudy and Belle and all the rest, in their costumes, sold ice-cream. And although it was a very cold night, every one got so warm dancing that they all wanted some ice-cream. Mr. Perkins gave Trudy a quarter to pay for his, and wouldn't take any change, although the cream was only ten cents, and he said Timothy did the best of all the boys, so Trudy forgave him for calling him "Red-top," especially as Timothy said he didn't care.

When the ice-cream was all sold, Miss Fields counted up the ticket money and the ice-cream money, and there was enough to buy a splendid big flag, and a dollar over!

CHAPTER V

THE SUGAR-PARTY

Mr. Turner was driving home from the station with a bag of grain in the back of the wagon. The roads were deep with mud, and the old white horse walked slowly, because she was tired and the grain was heavy. The wind was cool, but the sun, shining on Mr. Turner's back, was warm. He looked all around—up at the blue sky, down at the roads, into the woods on either side, and then straight ahead. There, bright above the dark pines, floated the beautiful new flag over the schoolhouse. Mr. Turner pulled on the reins and the horse started. When they reached the schoolhouse, Mr. Turner could see the tops of the children's heads through the windows.

"Whoa, Nell," he said. "I wouldn't wonder if they might be expectin' us here."

He walked up to the schoolhouse and rapped on the door. Belle Perkins opened it.

"How do you do, Belle? School 'most over?"

"Yes, Mr. Turner. Won't you come in?"

Mr. Turner took off his hat and went into the schoolroom. Miss Fields was reading aloud. She stopped.

"Don't let me interrupt you," said Mr. Turner, smiling. All the children were smiling at Mr. Turner and at each other, and Miss Fields smiled too.

"I'm sure we shall be very glad to be interrupted," she answered, "if your errand is what we think it is."

"That's about it," replied Mr. Turner. "I guess you all know what I'm going to say. This is pretty good sugar weather. Sap's runnin' well, and to-day is Friday. I'm thinking of giving a sugar-party in my maple grove to-morrow afternoon, and I'd like to have you all come."

"Children, I know we thank Mr. Turner for his kind invitation; we have been to his sugar-

parties before, and know what this means. All who wish to accept his invitation may stand."

The fourteen pupils jumped to their feet. Mr. Turner laughed a big jolly laugh. "That's fine," he said. "There's some fun having company when folks are as glad to come as that. As school is nearly over, Miss Fields, perhaps you would let Trudy and Timothy ride up with me. The roads are bad for walking and I go right by their house."

As they rode through the village they heard behind them—"Toot—Toot—Toot!"

"Look out!" cried Trudy, turning around. "There's an automobile coming!"

"Automobile!" said Timothy scornfully. "Can't you tell a fish man when you hear him?"

Mr. Turner drove to the side of the road to let the fish man pass. His name was Mr. Haddock. He was a thin, sick-looking man, who drove a curious wagon with a box on it, like a trunk, where he kept his fish.

"Hello, Pete," shouted Mr. Turner, cheerfully. "Haven't gone West yet, have you?"

"No," replied the fish man. "I'm goin' just as soon as I can sell out. . . . Toot—Toot—Toot." And away he went.

"Amos would buy the fish-route if he could find the money," said Mr. Turner.

"Oh,—oh, wouldn't that be great!" exclaimed Timothy. "Then I could ride round with him all summer."

"And he would give Dilly all the fish she could eat!" cried Trudy. "Dilly loves fish."

"Well," said Mr. Turner, as they drove into the door-yard and Trudy and Timothy jumped from the wagon, "I guess Amos won't buy Pete Haddock out to-day nor to-morrow—Amos don't seem to be much on money-makin'. Don't forget the sugar-party, will you? Good-night."

Saturday was bright and sunny, and much warmer. Soon after dinner several of the boys and girls called for Trudy and Timothy, and they all went across the fields to Mr. Turner's sugar maple grove. Trudy had never been to a sugar-party, so she looked about very sharply, wondering what it would be like. She saw,

among the bare trees, a small shed, built of rough boards. There was an iron pipe sticking out of the roof, and smoke ascending.

"He's getting ready," said Ben Dobson. "See the smoke from the chimney?"

Mr. Turner came to the door. He saw them and waved his hand, and they all ran to the sugar-house. Inside, on a box by the long iron boiler, sat Amos. All about were galvanized iron buckets, full of a thin white liquid.

"What's all the water for?" inquired Trudy.

How they laughed at her!

"It isn't water, goosey—it's sap," said Timothy. "Don't you know anything?"

Trudy's eyes filled with tears. Ben Dobson saw her winking, and grasped Timothy by the shoulder. He gave him a shake, saying, "I'll put you in a sap bucket yourself if you don't quit bothering her."

While Mr. Turner and Ben were explaining to Trudy how they bored holes in the trees for the sap to run out and then caught it in buckets and boiled it for a long time in the great evaporator until it became thick, sweet, brown syrup,

the other scholars and Miss Fields came. Then the fun began.

Miss Fields and the girls had brought large spoons and forks, and they unpacked them while the boys, with Amos, gathered green pine boughs from trees that Mr. Turner had chopped down. He put the boughs in the furnace until there was a hot, hot fire. The sap boiled and bubbled and at last came from the faucet of the evaporator a rich dark brown. Then, on a little stove in the corner, they boiled a kettle of syrup until it was almost sugar. Mr. Turner and Miss Fields kept stirring and tasting. At last they called, "All ready! Everybody get a spoon and a fork, and come on!"

Trudy scrambled for her spoon and her fork with the others, but she had no idea what to do with them. She learned! All the boys and girls crowded around the boiling syrup. One by one, they came slowly away, each carrying carefully a spoonful of the hot liquid. Out from the shed they walked, and dropped it into a clean snow-bank! There was plenty of snow on the sheltered hillside, although the roads were wet

and muddy. When the hot syrup struck the cold snow, it hardened into a sticky cake that sank deep, melting the snow as it went. Down after the cakes went the forks—or sometimes fingers—and up came the delicious morsel, just right to eat!

As the children made more syrup-cakes, they were obliged to go further from the sugar-house to find clean snow. Timothy could run very fast, and he could eat very fast, and he made more cakes and went further away from the sugar-house than any one else. Just as he was digging a big cake out of a deep hole, he looked behind him. There, walking slowly toward him, was Santa Claus!

Timothy left cake and fork in the snow, and scampered back to find Trudy and Amos. He pulled them behind the sugar-house. "Look!" he gasped.

"It's Santa Claus!" said Trudy in a whisper; "but see—who is that behind him?"

Coming slowly after him was the loveliest lady you ever saw! She was all white and soft, like a fairy. She wore a long, shaggy white

coat and a soft white cap on her head, with a tassel that fell on her shoulder. Even her hair was white, but she was not old—oh, not at all! Her face was young and smiling. She had brown eyes and pink cheeks. She was laughing and talking to Santa Claus, but stopped when she saw the children. She waved her hand to them. Santa Claus smiled.

"Well, well," he said, "what's this? A party in the woods? We're just in time. I hope you haven't eaten up all the treat."

"My brother and I were beginning to feel lonesome," said the white lady. "We are so glad to see some one."

Trudy and Timothy only stared at Santa Claus and the white lady, then looked at each other.

"What is the matter?" said the lady.

Then the words came tumbling from Trudy's mouth. "Why—it's you—he's Santa Claus—we know that. We saw him in the woods just before Christmas, picking out his Christmas trees. But who are you? Are you Mrs. Santa Claus?"

The lovely white lady stooped and put her arms about Trudy and Timothy. "Little folks," she whispered, "I am his sister. He won't even tell me if he is really Santa Claus or not. He says his name is Mr. Johnston, and mine is Miss Margaret. But I think myself that perhaps he is Santa Claus. Sometimes I'm quite sure of it. You see, he looks like Santa Claus *all* the time! And he acts like Santa Claus *some* of the time! But he will never tell! But one thing I know —he is just as good and kind as Santa Claus, and he loves little boys and girls dearly."

"You're nice, too," said Trudy. "I like you."

Timothy walked ahead with Amos and Mr. Johnston, who were talking busily, but Trudy went with Miss Margaret. By the time they reached the sugar-house Miss Margaret knew all about Trudy's father and mother in Florida; about Lamey; about Amos, and how he wanted to buy out the fish-route, and Trudy knew that Mr. Johnston owned the lumber piles on the hill, and he and Miss Margaret were going to board with Mr. Turner while the house was being built.

At the sugar-house Mr. Johnston stayed with Mr. Turner and Amos, but the white lady made sugar cakes with the children. They walked about, hunting for clean snow. Suddenly the white lady gave a little cry, and pointed to the top of a tall bush.

"Oh, I wish I could get that one," she said. "It is such a splendid one."

They all looked. "What is it?" said Belle. "I don't see anything but a bunch of dead leaves."

"That isn't a bunch of dead leaves. It is a cocoon."

"I'll get it," said Ben Dobson, reaching up and cutting the branch off with his knife.

"What's a cocoon?" inquired Trudy as they all looked at it.

"A little bedroom where caterpillar sleeps all winter, and from which he comes in the spring, a great beautiful moth!"

The children crowded about, while the white lady showed them the gray mass, and told them how caterpillar made it by drawing the leaves together and fastening them with sticky silk;

how he slept, swung by the winter winds till he wakened when the green leaves grew, and came forth, a lovely winged creature!

"I shall keep this," she said. "If I had a cage, I could keep the branch in it, and when the moth comes out we could all see him."

"Amos could make you a cage, I know," said Timothy.

"Perhaps I shall find some more cocoons—oh"—and the white lady clapped her hands—"perhaps you *all* could watch and find some for me. There are ever so many kinds, and we could keep them all and watch them—we could make a collection!"

"Yes—yes," cried all the children. "And Miss Fields said we might have a cage in the schoolhouse if there were more than you wanted, Miss Johnston."

Trudy was racing after Amos, and soon came back, dragging him by the hand. He agreed to make two cages, a small one for Miss Margaret and a larger one for the schoolhouse.

The sun was setting now, so they all walked home together. Amos went on to the village,

but Trudy and Timothy went down the hill road with Mr. Turner and the white lady and her brother. They said, "Good-night" at the door, but Trudy held Mr. Johnston back.

"Stoop down," she said; "I want to ask you something."

He bent down to her, and she whispered in his ear, "Are you really Santa Claus?"

He swung her high above his head, and as he let her down, he said laughing, "I've never told a single soul—but you watch—perhaps you can guess."

CHAPTER VI

GOING INTO BUSINESS

THERE were so many things to do every day that the weeks simply flew. The caterpillar cage which Amos made for the schoolhouse was only the beginning. Miss Margaret came to see it, and to tell the children about the cocoons that they had found. Her talk was such a success that Miss Fields asked her if she would not come every week and teach the scholars about the wonderful things in the woods and meadows. Every Friday afternoon she came, and all the days between the boys and girls had their eyes wide open to find curiosities to show her.

In front of Miss Fields' desk were great bunches of pussy-willows, alder catkins and budding tree twigs. Timothy found the first Mayflowers, and carried them to Miss Margaret. She had never picked any, so Timothy took her and Trudy to the place where they grew.

Trudy had never seen them growing, either. Timothy knew this, and thought it would be a fine chance to play a joke on them. When they reached the rocky, sunny slope by the brook, he waved his hand saying, "There they are—now go ahead and pick them!"

Trudy and Miss Margaret looked for the flowers. All they saw were shiny green leaves, sprawling over the ground. "There aren't any flowers," began Trudy, but Miss Margaret's sharp eyes had spied a blossom. She stooped to pick it and there, hiding under the sheltering leaves, peeping out at her, were dozens of flowers. "Oh, Trudy, look—they grow underneath—we must hunt for them."

They soon filled their baskets, and Timothy took them to another place. Here there were so many flowers and they were so big and pink and fragrant that Miss Margaret sighed as she looked at the baskets.

"How the little sick children would love some of them," she said. "I wish we could send some to the hospital——"

"In Boston," interrupted Trudy. "Oh—I've

been by there in the car. You can see the beds by the windows, and the nurses walking around, and sometimes you can see the children out on the balconies."

"Why can't we?" said Timothy. "To-day is Thursday, and they are just coming out. We can get all the boys and girls to pick Saturday, and then Sunday we can make them into bunches, and send them down on the stage Monday morning."

And they did! Miss Margaret, in her Friday talk, told the scholars of the children's hospital, and every one wanted to help. Mr. McAdam let Bill take the delivery wagon Saturday afternoon, and some of the boys drove a long way and came home with boxes and boxes of flowers. Mr. Perkins, the stage-driver, took all the flowers to the train for nothing. Mr. Johnston paid the express. The next week Miss Margaret read a letter to the school from the doctor at the hospital, thanking them and telling them how pleased the children were, and how the whole great building was made sweet with the fragrance of their flowers.

The carpenters were building Mr. Johnston's house now, and Amos was working on it. Every chance they had, Trudy and Timothy ran across the meadow and up the wood road to the house. They saw the great timbers put in place and the boards nailed on. They had fun building houses themselves with the pieces the carpenters threw away. Some of these they carried home in Timothy's cart, and he made a house for Lamey. She had had quite a vacation, but now she received more attention. Whatever the carpenters did on Mr. Johnston's house, Timothy tried to do on Lamey's. Lamey liked to perch on the roof of the house, but she would not go inside. Timothy had made a wide door and put a roost in the house, and he wanted Lamey to live there. But she squawked and flew onto the roof every time that Timothy tried to push her in. Miss Margaret came by one day when Timothy was trying to force Lamey through the door. Poor Lamey was flapping and kicking and Timothy was very hot and cross.

"Put some corn inside on the floor, Timothy," suggested Miss Margaret.

And when Lamey saw the corn—"Cluck—cluck—clu-u-uck," said she, and smoothed her ruffled feathers, ducked her head, and strutted slowly in at the door!

It was the last of April. The trees were blooming and unfolding their soft green leaves. In the woods, skunk cabbage grew big and bright green, and the ferns were pushing their fuzzy, curved shoots out of the dark earth. The bluebirds and robins and song-sparrows sang, and down by the mouth of the creek the blackbirds sailed and scolded. Trudy was sure that summer was almost here, when, one day, the sun hid behind thick gray clouds, the wind howled cold, and the rain fell, oh, so fast! For two days it rained, and she and Timothy could not go to school. They could not even go out to the barn, but had to amuse themselves in the house. They looked across at Mr. Johnston's new house. The yellow boards were all wet and shining. The carpenters could not work. Amos did not come up from the village. Grandfather had a cold and sat by the fire with a piece of red flannel around his neck. His throat was

very sore, and he had to take onion syrup that grandmother cooked on the back of the stove. Trudy and Timothy fussed because grandmother would not let them go up to Mr. Turner's to see Miss Margaret, but when they tasted the onion syrup and knew that they would have to take it if they caught cold, they decided it was better to stay in the house till the storm was over.

Late in the afternoon of the second day they heard a team rattle into the yard. They ran to the window. There was Mr. Turner, and with him was the Santa Claus man, his face red with the cold wind and his white hair and beard wet with rain-drops. He laughed at them, shouting, "Hullo, folks! How do you like this? Cheer up—I shouldn't wonder if somebody had a surprise pretty soon."

He got out of the team, unbuttoned the rubber sides, and there on the back seat was the lovely white lady, in her warm white coat! She jumped out and ran into the house.

"How do you do, folks?" she cried. "Mrs. Todd, do you want company to supper? We were so lonesome that we couldn't stay away

another minute. My brother and Mr. Turner are going on to the village, but if you will have us, they will stop on the way back."

"I should say I would," replied grandmother, while Trudy and Timothy hopped about the white lady, shouting:

"Take off your coat—take it off, quick!"

"I boiled a ham to-day," said grandmother, "and I'll make some hot biscuit. After supper Trudy can make some candy, and Timothy can pop some corn and we will have a party."

"Yes," croaked grandfather, as Miss Margaret sat down on the other side of the fireplace, "and I'll treat on onion syrup!"

Then how they laughed!

The white lady said they must all help grandmother get supper, so Timothy filled the wood-box way up to the top. Grandmother gave the white lady a big white apron, and she and Trudy set the table with all the best dishes. Grandmother made the biscuits, and grandfather held Dilly so she wouldn't be in the way. Pretty soon Mr. Turner and Mr. Johnston came back. They drove to the barn and put up the

horse. Mr. Turner gave the animals their supper while Mr. Johnston brought in the mail. He hurried back to the barn with the milk pails, and as soon as the men came back supper was ready, so there was not time to look at any letters.

While they were eating Mr. Johnston told grandfather all about the new house. They spoke of Amos. Mr. Turner said that the fish man was in a hurry to go out West, and he wished that Amos could buy him out.

After supper Trudy made some maple-sugar fudge, and while it was cooling they read their letters. There was a box from Florida for Trudy and Timothy Todd.

"What do you suppose it is?" said Trudy.

"It doesn't rattle," answered Timothy, shaking it.

"Why don't you open it?" asked grandfather. "I can't wait another minute."

They tore off the paper. There was a square black box, and in the box was—a camera!

Maybe there wasn't some excitement! They found a little book with directions how to take pictures, and grandmother had a letter from

Trudy's mother and in the letter was this message—"We are sending the children a camera. Trudy writes us such wonderful things that, as long as we cannot be there, we would like some pictures to show us all that is going on. Please send us a picture of the Santa Claus man, the white lady, the caterpillar cage, the new flag on the schoolhouse, and be sure not to forget Lamey."

"Lamey, of course," said the Santa Claus man. "I shouldn't mind having a picture of Lamey myself. I'd like one with Timothy, and one with Trudy. Perhaps I shall want some of my new house too, to send to my friends. I'll pay you for my pictures—I suppose you will fill any orders that you may have?"

Trudy and Timothy felt very important to be business people like this, but in a minute Miss Margaret spoke. "Brother, I think that is a good idea. And when the boarders come, I should think the children might take pictures and sell them. They could take the Todd Hotel in the village, the church and the store—you know the souvenir cards here are horrid."

"Look here," said the Santa Claus man, slapping his knee so hard that Dilly jumped in her sleep, "if you children can take some good pictures, I'll furnish the money for having some first-class post-cards made, and we'll go into the business!"

"I'll go with you and help you get some pretty views," said Miss Margaret.

"They ought to have a place to sell them," said grandfather. "McAdam won't sell them in the store. He makes a good profit on the others."

"Oh," said Timothy, "wouldn't it be great if we could have a store?"

"You can," Mr. Turner said decidedly. "There's that little shanty of mine, right in the village, right across from Todd Hotel, too. I'll have Amos fix it up, and you can start your post-card shop there as soon as the boarders come."

"Trudy could make maple-sugar candy and sell that too," suggested grandmother.

"And fancy crackers, and peanuts!"

"And baskets of ferns!"

"Oh, Timothy!" said Trudy.

"Oh, Trudy!" said Timothy.

They gasped as the idea of being really-truly storekeepers grew upon them.

"Do you really mean it?" they asked the grown-ups.

"Of course we mean it!"

And then they all began to talk about how it could be done, while the children slipped away and studied the camera book.

"We'll have to take very fine pictures."

"Sure—and we'll make lots of money."

"We'll be rich!"

"I wish Amos could——"

Timothy looked at Trudy—Trudy looked at Timothy.

"We will!" said Trudy.

"Sure we will," agreed Timothy. "We'll buy him that fish-route the first thing we do!"

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF THE GREAT GALE

All night the rain beat down from the thick gray clouds that hid the mountain and the hills. In the morning Mr. Turner came to do grandfather's chores; he said he guessed this was a real May storm, come a little ahead of time, and it wouldn't clear till the wind changed.

It rained harder and harder. Mr. Turner hurried home again and Trudy and Timothy watched him splashing through the puddles.

"We can't go to school to-day," said Trudy. "What shall we do?"

"Let's play in the attic," suggested Timothy.

"Put on your sweaters," said grandmother. "It isn't very warm there on a rainy day."

"Oh, grandmother, are there any old-fashioned clothes? Could we dress up?" asked Trudy eagerly.

"There are some things in the square trunk by the west window that you may take. Don't touch any of the others."

The children clattered up the steep, narrow stairs. The big attic was dim and cool. At first they could see only the two small-paned windows at either end. As their eyes grew accustomed to the shadowy place they saw rows of trunks on either side, close to the sloping roof. Timothy's high chair was there, near the huge square chimney, and his little old rocking-horse.

On a beam hung a saddle, and Timothy clambered up onto it, slapping the beam with the reins and shouting, "Get-ap, get-ap," like Mr. Perkins.

The rain pounded on the roof over Trudy's head. She looked up and saw brown, square beams, rough-hewn and uneven. The attic smelled old and spicy and sweet. Trudy felt as if she had gone into another world, hundreds of years ago. Although she could hear grandmother moving about in the kitchen, she thought of her as miles away. She wondered

what other little girls and boys had played in that old attic, so big and clean and dark.

She found the square trunk and opened it. There, on top, lay a little girl's dress. It was light brown, with pink rosebud figures, and was made with a long, scant skirt, high waist, low neck and short puffed sleeves. She tried to put it on but it was too small. In the trunk were straw bonnets, lace scarfs, long narrow slippers, and a woman's dress with bright flowers on it. When she pulled out a man's tall beaver hat Timothy came over to try it on. He reached into the trunk and found a broken pistol.

"What's that gold thing down in the corner?" Trudy said.

It was at the very bottom of the trunk, something quite heavy, with gold fringe dangling from it. They both pulled and tugged, and at last it came tumbling out onto the floor, a soldier's coat of blue broadcloth, with large gold epaulettes.

"Oh-ho," said Timothy. "Now I'm a soldier. I'm a captain."

He marched up and down the attic in the blue coat and the rain beat on the roof like drums.

"I wonder whose it was," said Trudy. "I'm hungry—let's go down and get something to eat, and ask grandmother about it and about the little dress."

Timothy looked very comical, strutting down the stairs. The coat sleeves nearly reached the floor, and the long skirts trailed behind so Trudy had to be careful not to step on them. Grandfather and grandmother laughed to see him.

"I declare," exclaimed grandfather, "if he hasn't found the old captain's coat!"

"And here's a little dress," said Trudy. "So tiny! Were little girls really as small as that around the waist? Tell us all about them, please, grandmother."

"That's little Judith's dress, the one she wore on Muster Day."

"You've done it now, mother," said grandfather. "You won't have any peace until you tell the story."

"Oh, please tell it right now," begged the children.

Grandfather put a fresh log on the fire, and grandmother sat in her rocking-chair, with Trudy and Timothy at her feet.

"Once upon a time," she began, "this house was a tavern, or hotel, where travelers could stop for meals or to pass the night. There were no railroads here in those days, so every one traveled in his own carriage or by stage-coach. Sometimes the journey would take several days, so these taverns were built along the post-roads for the accommodation of travelers, although at that time few people went away from home except on business, and there were many weeks in the winter when the taverns had no custom.

"But once every year this house was full—in late September when the militia assembled here for Muster Day. You see the pasture across the road, all grown up to pine trees so that we cannot see the mountain?"

Trudy ran to the window and looked out.

"Yes," she said, "and white birches. It is all thick with trees."

"When the Muster was held here that pasture was flat and smooth and covered with short dry

grass. It was a wonderful sight to see the soldiers, in their blue uniforms, marching and drilling in the sunshine. That is my grandfather's coat that Timothy has on. I am going to tell you about one Muster Day that has never been forgotten, and grandfather's coat and the little dress that Trudy found are both in the story.

"Muster Day was like a great picnic. Every one wanted to go, and it was very lively and exciting. All through the night before peddlers and traveling showmen drove to the muster field and set up their tents and booths to be ready for the early comers. So many people came that the tavern-keeper could not feed them all, and there were refreshment tents where gingerbread, watermelons, honey and cider were sold.

"Early in the morning all the roads leading to the muster field were packed with carriages, horses, people on foot, boys and girls, and companies of soldiers, marching to the field.

"Away back on the hill lived a little girl, Judith Prescott, who wanted to come to this

particular Muster Day, especially as her mother had been engaged to help on the extra work at the tavern. But Mrs. Prescott thought the confusion and crowd of Muster Day no place for a little eight-year-old girl whose mother would be too busy to care for her and whose father would be drilling with the soldiers; so Judith was left at home in the little farmhouse with an older girl, Hannah, who lived with the Prescotts.

"Judith and Hannah sat on the door-stone and looked across the valley to the muster field. They could see the white tents and the crowds of people moving about, and the thick blue squares of the different companies of soldiers. They could hear the lively band music, now and then, on the puffs of the east wind.

"'I wish I could go!' said Judith, over and over again.

"But Hannah only gazed and said nothing. After dinner she told Judith to wash the dishes. When the dishes were done, Judith went again to the door to watch the gay sight. Hannah was not there. Judith called but there was no answer. The wind blew cold and the sun was

dim behind a bank of cloud. Little Judith suddenly felt lonely and frightened. She called Hannah again. The clouds grew darker and piled high in the sky. The chickens scurried about, peeping and running back and forth in a strange manner. Judith wanted her mother. She shut the door and ran down the road toward the tavern, two miles away.

"On the muster field Hannah was strolling from tent to tent, looking at the curiosities, chatting with the soldiers, but keeping far away from the tavern and her mistress. Hannah had come to the muster; she did not care where little Judith was, but she did not want to be seen and sent home.

"At first no one noticed the gathering darkness; then, abruptly, every one seemed to look up at the sky. Thick black storm-clouds were sweeping down over the field, jagged streaks of lightning showed other clouds pushing on, and then the wind swept onto the earth. A tent fell flat. A horse reared. From all quarters of the great field men, women and children rushed to the buildings for shelter. My grandfather, on

his black horse, galloped about, helping, directing and trying to calm their fears.

"'The tornado—the tornado!' shrieked a woman, and panic seized the crowd. Hannah ran for the tavern. Judith's mother, looking out the back window, trying to see her home in the gathering blackness, felt Hannah pulling at her skirts.

"'Oh, Hannah,' she exclaimed in relief, 'I'm so glad you came down! Where is Judith?'

"Hannah cried and sobbed. She could not speak, but there was no need for words. Mrs. Prescott understood. Thrusting Hannah aside, she ran toward the door, pushing her way through the people that were crowding in.

"The thunder roared without stopping. The sheets of rain blotted out the mountain, the nearer hills, the trees and the muster field, drowning even the thunder. And just as two men bent all their strength to close the front door against the gale, little Judith staggered in and fell in her mother's arms."

"Oh," breathed Trudy, "I'm so glad she got there! How awful to be out in a tornado."

"In a very short time the cyclone passed on," continued grandmother, "but it had done terrible damage. It had cut a great path through the town, uprooting huge trees, overturning barns, sheds and even houses. Not a tent was standing on the muster field. This house and the buildings seemed to be just outside the path of the gale and so escaped.

"Grandfather ordered the bugler to sound assembly and the soldiers formed in companies. He told them there would be no more drill, and no dance in the evening, as had been planned, and asked those who could to spend the rest of the day in doing something to help repair the damage of the tornado. The people hurried to their homes. Many had to walk because their wagons had been blown away and their horses killed or so frightened that they had run, no one knew where. The roads were blocked with the trees that had fallen across them.

"Judith's father came into the tavern kitchen.

"'We shall spend the night here,' he said to his wife.

"'Don't you think it safe to go home?' she asked.

"'Look out the window,' was his reply. 'We have no home now.'

"Judith and her mother looked out. The hillside, where their little house and great barn had stood, was smooth and bare. The tornado had rushed up the hill and scattered the buildings in every direction.

"The tavern-keeper's wife came in with some of the little girl's clothes.

"'Here is dry clothing for Judith,' she said. "She must not keep her wet things on any longer. And you shall stay here until you can find a new home.'

"When Mr. Prescott could get up to his farm he found everything ruined. The cattle were dead, the chickens and the coops had vanished, and even the furniture had been broken and blown miles away. He soon took his family to another town, and when my mother came here to live she found Judith's dress in the attic. You can see where she tore it as she hurried through the woods."

"What did they do to Hannah?" asked Trudy.

"She was punished enough by her fright, and Mrs. Prescott was thankful that Hannah and Judith were safe. If they had stayed alone on the hill they would have been terribly frightened and perhaps killed."

"And how did the soldiers get home?" inquired Timothy.

"They did not try to go home for several days. Some, whose homes had been damaged, went, but those who lived out of the path of the tornado stayed in Todd's Ferry, helping the farmers straighten up the young fruit trees, clearing the roads, and doing what they could wherever they were needed."

"You've forgotten one thing," added grandfather. "When the farmers harvested their apples that year, they were all as salt as if they had been dipped in brine. The wind of that great storm was so mighty that it had carried the spray from the ocean, more than eighty miles away."

"How long ago was it, grandmother?" Trudy asked.

"Just one hundred years ago."

"And the great pines that were blown down on the post-road, only a few minutes after little Judith passed that way, are lying in the same spot to-day," said grandfather. "Trees have grown up about them, the old road is neglected and almost forgotten, but the roots are standing, full of earth and little plants and ferns. They are taller than I am—higher than I can reach in some places. I'll take you to see them some day."

"It must have been awful," said Trudy. "I'm glad we don't have gales like that now. Oh, Timothy, see—it's all clearing in the west. It's going to be a fine day to-morrow."

NOTE:—The matter of the fruit being impregnated with salt from the ocean, during the great gale, is vouched for in the "History of Sutton," by Augusta Harvey Worthen, as happening during the Great Gale of September 25, 1815, which swept from the seacoast of Massachusetts over the southern part of New Hampshire. See volume 1, page 218, "History of Sutton, N. H."

CHAPTER VIII

SALTING THE CATTLE

After the storm there were many days of fine weather. In all the fields the farmers were ploughing and planting. Amos dug up grandmother's garden; she took out her tin boxes of seeds and planted her flower beds.

In the barns the young cattle that had been shut up all winter were restless, pawing and stamping in their stalls and calling to their masters to let them out in the green pastures.

One night, about the middle of May, Mr. Turner came into the barn where grandfather was milking. Trudy and Timothy were waiting for their drink of warm milk, and Dilly sat in the doorway.

"Jonas," said Mr. Turner, "I'm going to put the stock out to pasture to-morrow. Will that suit you?"

"Yes," said grandfather. "I was intending

to go for grain, but it is time the cattle were out. We'll make an early start. I'll be along by your house at seven o'clock."

"Oh, grandfather," Timothy complained, "there is school to-morrow. Can't you wait till Saturday so I can go too?"

"Impossible; but Saturday afternoon I shall go up to the pasture to salt the cattle, and you and Trudy may both go with me."

"Are you going to take the cows away?" asked Trudy.

"No, only the young calves. It is good for them to run in the pastures and grow strong. Mr. Turner and I keep our cattle together in a pasture, away up back on the hills."

Amos came to the house on Saturday to paint a closet for grandmother, so they asked him to go too.

"We are going in the woods, Trudy," he teased. "Aren't you afraid you'll be lonesome?"

But Trudy had lived almost six months in the country and had learned many things, so she only laughed at him and said perhaps she

could find something to show him—anyway she would try!

Amos carried the bag of coarse salt. They went first up to Mr. Turner's, between his house and barn, then along a narrow road, new to Trudy. It was bordered with long-stemmed violets and grass grew in the middle. They heard the brook rushing over the stones, and soon saw it, flowing beside them, just the other side of the wall.

"I'm going to wade," cried Timothy. "You can go a long way in the brook."

He took off his shoes, tied them together with the lacings and hung them around his neck. He stuffed his stockings in his pockets and climbed over the wall. Trudy was so busy untying her own shoes that she did not see him shiver when his feet touched the water.

"Carry my shoes for me, Amos, please," she said, scrambling after Timothy.

"Oh—oh—oh ——" she shrieked. "It's ice-water! Oh, isn't it cold?"

But soon they did not mind it, and, while Amos and grandfather walked along the road,

the children waded up the brook, sometimes in shallow pools, sometimes over rocks, slippery with green moss, and sometimes, when the water was too deep or too swift, on the dry banks. At last the brook left the road and went away under a bridge. The children put on their shoes and stockings and joined Amos and grandfather on the road. But such a road! Up the hill it went, all washed and gullied by the rain, full of deep mud-holes and masses of rocks, large and small. Trudy said that the only difference between the road and the brook was that the brook had a *little* more water!

Beyond the bridge was an untidy pile of gray, weather-beaten boards, with the ruins of a dam behind it.

"What was that place?" asked Trudy.

"A mill," replied grandfather. "The miller lived in the white house over there. The mill pond is up here to the right. Do you want to see it?"

They walked up through a field and there, on the hillside, was a large smooth pond.

"The water went over the dam, down upon a

great water-wheel that furnished the power for the circular saw," explained Amos, "and then ran into the brook that we have been following."

"Why did they let the mill fall down?"

"Because men have discovered that it is easier to take mills to lumber than to take lumber to the mills. They have portable saw-mills now, run by steam, and carry them from place to place, setting them up until the lumber at that spot is all sawed, then going on somewhere else."

They went back to the steep, muddy road. Timothy was ahead, leaping from rock to hummock and telling them where to step. Trudy tried to follow, but her feet slipped and stuck in the deep mud. When she pulled them out she heard a chuckling sound—"Like gnomes under the earth, laughing at me, and trying to pull me down," she told Amos. "Don't let them get me, will you?"

On either side were stone walls with gaps in them where the stones had fallen out. Grandfather explained that this was a very old road, abandoned now, and so the town was not obliged

to keep it in repair. And Timothy told her that wherever she saw a wall that was falling down, she might know that there were no cattle in that pasture, for when farmers put their stock out to pasture they kept the walls mended so the creatures could not get out and stray away.

And now they came to a fine high wall, with a new pair of bars that Amos let down.

"Here we are," said grandfather.

They went into a large sloping grassy field with clumps of small scrubby bushes, some very tall maple trees near the bars, and some smaller half-dead trees a little farther on. All around were high hills. Grandfather and Amos sat down to rest.

"Where are the cattle?" asked Trudy, looking about timidly.

"Away off in the woods. We may have to call them. We will go after them in a few minutes if they do not hear us and come."

"They won't hurt you, Trudy," said Timothy. "Anyway we can see them coming out of the woods. Come on, I'm going to explore."

The children ran about the meadow.

"Amos, come here," called Trudy. "See what I've found! Here's a brick—how did it get away up here on this hill? Why, this hump I'm standing on is a whole pile of bricks—and here's a lot of stones —— It looks as if there used to be a cellar here."

"And apple trees," added Timothy. "This was the orchard."

"Here is the well, covered with these big flat stones!"

The children knelt down and peered through the chinks. It was deep and dark and black in the old well.

"I can see the water," said Timothy.

Amos threw a stone in and they heard it splash, far below.

Trudy pushed her way through the tangle of berry bushes and birch trees that filled the cellar hole. She climbed up on the other side and found a long flat slab of granite, darkened with age and spotted with fine green moss.

"Here's the door-stone," she said.

"Yes," replied grandfather, "and can you guess who sat on that very door-stone, a hun-

dred years ago, and watched the angry clouds rise over the mountain? Do you remember the story that grandmother told about the great gale?"

"Not little Judith?" exclaimed Trudy. "Grandfather, did little Judith really live here?"

"Yes. We are on the old Prescott place. This is the spot where Judith and Hannah sat and looked across to the muster field. All the trees that hide it from us have grown up since that time."

"Why, how could a little girl ever run down that awful road?"

"The road was well kept then," said Amos, "and this was not a lonely pasture but a fertile farm."

"You can see the lake and the village from the open space here," called Timothy.

But Trudy did not look for the lake or the village. From the bushes that bordered the brook at the foot of the hill came such a crashing and trampling that she had no thought for anything except the fearful animals that were

rushing from the wood and galloping up the hill, straight at her!

She shrieked and ran to grandfather. Timothy laughed, but grandfather lifted her to the top of a high rock, well out of the way of kicking hoofs and waving horns.

"They don't want you, little city girl. They know we are bringing them salt. They smell it and are wild to get it. They love salt as well as you love candy. Timothy, get up on the rock beside Trudy. Some of these calves are pretty lively."

Timothy wanted to stay on the ground, but when grandfather spoke in that tone he knew he must obey, so he crawled up on the rock and sat with his hands around his knees.

Grandfather sprinkled the salt on the top of a low flat rock, and the cattle pushed and stamped to get near enough to lap it up.

"There are the calves that were in the barn when you came, Trudy," said Timothy. "See, they are the smallest ones, and the two-year-olds push 'em away. There's salt enough for all of them, though."

Amos told Trudy that young calves who were put out to pasture their first summer were called yearlings, and the others two-year-olds or three-year-olds. After that, they were grown-up cows and oxen and had to stay near home and work for the farmers.

At last the cattle seemed willing to leave the salt. Amos and grandfather drove them away and took Trudy down from her high perch.

"I want to go back to Judith's house," she said.

At the house, the men sat down on the door-stone.

"Now, Trudy," said Amos, "see how much you have learned since you came to the country. You know the story of this old farm. Is there anything here now that you think may have been here when little Judith lived in the house? And does anything live here now? Use your eyes!"

"And your nose," suggested grandfather.

Trudy sniffed. A lovely fragrance came from behind her. She saw a large bush with twisted stems bigger than her arms. Over her head

were green leaves and above the green leaves clusters of purple blossoms.

"Lilacs," she cried. "Was the lilac bush here then?"

"Right!" said Amos.

"I've found something, too," announced Timothy. "These old apple trees are almost lying on the ground, they're so crooked, and I guess they were young when the gale came and blew them over, and nobody ever came away up here to straighten them."

"Right for you!" said Amos.

Trudy ran over to look at the apple trees. In a branch just over her head she saw a little round hole, and while she wondered what it could be, a bird with a reddish-brown breast and a wonderful blue back and wings flew by her and into the hole!

"I've found a bluebird's nest," she called. "And I saw the bluebird go in!"

"Good for you! You're improving," said Amos. "If you stay here long enough, you'll really learn to see things."

On the way home they met Miss Margaret,

coming to meet them. Trudy told her about the little dress and about finding little Judith's door-stone and the old lilac bush. Miss Margaret clapped her hands.

"You can wear the dress, Trudy," she said, "and I'll take a picture of you under the lilac bush so you can see just how little Judith looked."

"But the dress isn't big enough," objected Trudy.

"We'll make it big enough," laughed Miss Margaret. "We will let it out."

"No," said Amos, "I know a better way than that. Trudy can stop eating until she grows thin enough to fit the dress."

CHAPTER IX

THE LITTLE RED FARMHOUSE

THE first picture that Trudy took with the new camera was the Santa Claus man.

"Pooh," he said when she asked him to pose, "nobody would want to buy my picture. Everybody knows how Santa Claus looks."

She teased and teased until at last he agreed. The picture was a grand success. Trudy took it on the very spot where she and Timothy had first seen him, and he stood just as he did then, in his big fur coat, with his head turned so that his white hair and beard showed, and one hand was on a little Christmas tree.

Every single person who looked at that picture said, "Why, there is Santa Claus!" Not one said, "Why, there is Mr. Johnston."

Timothy had his share of the camera, too. He got a fine picture of the Todd's Ferry ball team with the pennant that they won the year

before. And Lamey posed in all her trick positions—holding up her head for Timothy to scratch her neck, riding in the cart, standing in the doorway of her house, and on Amos's hand.

Mr. Johnston sent the films away and had the pictures developed, and post-cards made for the summer trade. Grandfather explained to the children that they must pay Mr. Johnston for doing this when they sold the cards, but after he had been paid, all the money they made would be their very own.

They watched carefully for any chance to take a curious or interesting picture, and Miss Margaret helped them. One day she was walking with them in the fields near the new house, hunting for violets, when Amos and Mr. Johnston came along.

"Come on, everybody," called Mr. Johnston. "Amos is going to locate my well."

Timothy gave a whoop of delight and raced ahead. Trudy did not understand, so she asked Miss Margaret.

"You know, dear," said Miss Margaret, "that in the country every one must get his own

water, so each farmer digs a well. Now, under the ground are streams of water, flowing just like the brooks that we can see. There are hidden springs too, and these are fine places to dig wells. But, of course, unless you know where the water is, you could dig and dig and never get a well. Amos is going to look for hidden water."

"How will he do it? How can he tell?"

"That is exactly what you are going to see."

Timothy ran back, shouting, "I'm hurrying home to get Lamey. She wants to learn how to locate a well!"

Amos crossed to the edge of the field, where the witch-hazel bushes grew thick, and cut a forked branch. While he was trimming it, Timothy caught up with them. He was panting for breath, and Lamey was clutched under his arm. He dropped her on the grass and took his knife out of his pocket.

"I'm going to try, too, Amos," he shouted. "I know how."

"Cut one for Trudy," said Amos. "Perhaps she can find water—who knows?"

Mr. Johnston cut a forked branch for Trudy. "Lamey wants one," said Miss Margaret, so Timothy cut a wee one for her, too.

Amos grasped the two small ends of his branch firmly in his hands with the main branch straight up in the air. Timothy did the same. Trudy took hers, and Miss Margaret put the wee one around Lamey's neck. "Lamey hasn't any hands," she said, "and she needs her feet to walk on."

"What will it do?" asked Trudy. "Oh, what will it do?"

Timothy spoke over his shoulder. "Hold it right out in front of you, as far as you can, and walk along. When you're over running water, the stick will bend down toward the ground, and you can't keep it up."

The procession started. Amos marched slowly around the field. Timothy followed, with Trudy behind him and Lamey hopping and bobbing along, pecking at insects in the grass. Now and then she gave a little flying jump into the air after a bee or a butterfly that sailed over her head. Mr. Johnston was too much interested

in watching the stick in Amos's hand to notice the others, but Miss Margaret laughed, they looked so funny. Suddenly she remembered that she was carrying the camera. She crept up behind them and took a picture. They never knew anything about it until the post-cards came, and weren't they surprised!

Back and forth they walked, nearer and nearer to the new house. The branches of witch-hazel did not move. "Try over this way," advised Mr. Johnston.

Slowly Amos walked toward him. The branch began to bend. It turned downward. The bark ripped off in Amos's hands as he tried to hold it. More and more it twisted. It pointed straight down to the ground. Amos threw it away, and marked the place with a stone. "Here's your well, all right, and it's a good place, too." Trudy thought it was just like a fairy wand, but she knew there must be water there, because Amos said so.

"Amos knows everything," she said to Miss Margaret. "I think he's just splendid. I think everybody is nice up here. I wish I

lived here all the time. You're going to live here all the time, aren't you, when your house is done?"

"Not quite all the time. We shall have to go back down South in the winter, but we shall stay here as long as we can."

They climbed up the rough steps and went all over the new house. It wasn't anywhere nearly done, but they could see the shape of the rooms, and Mr. Johnston showed them the big stone chimney in the great hall, the place for the balcony, and the bedrooms opening from it. "Here's where my little nephew will sleep," he said. "He's just about as big as you small people. I think maybe he will come up here pretty soon. Do you suppose you could make him have a good time, so he wouldn't be homesick?"

Trudy and Timothy thought they could try, and they asked what he looked like.

"Well," said the Santa Claus man, winking at Amos, "let me see. Oh, I remember—he has two eyes, and a nose and a mouth, and two ears, and some hair cut Dutch, and a blue suit,

and a Rough Rider suit, and two arms and two legs to wear them on, and ——" but just then Trudy and Timothy ran at him and shook him so hard that he refused to tell them another word. He said if they didn't like what he was telling them, they must wait and see for themselves.

"It is time to go home," said Miss Margaret. "Shall we take the short cut by the farmhouse?"

They all went down across a field that Trudy had never seen before, and in a few minutes they came to a little red farmhouse. Green lilac bushes with purple buds grew on either side of a path that led to the front door. A pump at one side made Trudy thirsty. Behind was a big barn, and an orchard that stretched ever so far. Flower beds in the front yard had little plants pushing up through the earth. Big trees shaded the house, and at one side was a great flat rock, just the place to play house!

"Oh," exclaimed Trudy, "what a lovely, lovely house! Whose is it? Who lives here?"

"It is mine," said the Santa Claus man.

"WHAT A LOVELY, LOVELY HOUSE"

"This is my workshop. I make all my Christmas presents in the barn."

Trudy never quite knew when he was joking, so she turned to Miss Margaret.

"Is it really his?"

"Yes—he bought it when he bought the land."

"Look!" said Amos, pointing.

Trudy looked, and there—only a little way across the fields—was Grandfather Todd's white house. She could see the glass in the door. She could see grandmother in the yard, hanging her blue apron on the clothes-line. Above she could see Mr. Turner's house.

"Why, it's right near home," she said. "Why didn't I know about it before?"

"The trees hide the house from your place," answered Amos. "But if anybody lived here you could see the smoke from the chimney."

"And nobody lives here?"

"No, the people moved away."

"Oh, I wish *I* could live here! It must be a beautiful place. Mother would like it, and father would be all well here. The doctor said

he would be well if he could live in the country."

The Santa Claus man looked at the white lady. Trudy did not see the look because she was peeking in the windows of the farmhouse. Timothy did not see the look because he was trying to catch Lamey. But Amos saw it, and for a minute he wondered if he had not seen Santa Claus himself!

"Would you like to go in, Trudy?" said Mr. Johnston.

"Oh, would I?"

He found the key on his key-ring and unlocked the door. Inside, the house was just as lovely as Trudy had imagined. There were open fireplaces. There were dear little low closets, just the places for dolls and toys. There was a pretty bedroom up-stairs that looked out into the trees, and almost near enough to touch was an oriole's nest. All the rooms were empty, because the people who had moved away had taken all the furniture, but Trudy loved every inch of the place. She could hardly bear to go away and leave it.

"I'm coming here every day," she announced. "I'm going to play that this is my truly house —— Oh!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Johnston, but she would not tell. All the way home she looked back at the trees that hid the little red farmhouse.

Grandmother invited them all in to rest, and Trudy told her all about the beautiful new house that they had found.

"And isn't it mean?" she said. "Nobody lives in it."

"Well, don't be discouraged," said Mr. Johnston; "perhaps somebody will some day."

While grandmother was getting some warm milk for them to drink, Trudy beckoned Mr. Johnston into the sitting-room and shut the door.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked.

"Cross my heart!" he answered.

"We didn't mean to tell any one till it was done, and you mustn't breathe a word of it, but I guess Timothy wouldn't mind if you knew. After we pay you for the pictures, do you know

what we're going to do with the money we make in our store?"

"No."

"Well, we're going to buy the fish-route for Amos—because he wants it so bad, and he hasn't any money—but, after that, I think, if you'll sell it to me, I shall take my share and buy that little farmhouse so father and mother and I can live there always. And you see I had to tell you because I wanted to ask you to please not sell it to any one else."

The Santa Claus man seemed to have a bad cough. It came on quite suddenly and it lasted a long time. When it was gone, his eyes were very bright, almost as if there were tears in them.

"I promise!" he said solemnly. "I will not let any one else buy it." And then he snatched Trudy up in his arms, and hugged her very tight, and kissed her on the spot where the honey grows, right in her little white neck, behind her ear.

CHAPTER X

THE DOOR-STEP STORE

It was the middle of June. The days were so long and so lovely that Trudy and Timothy played out-of-doors every minute when they were not in school. They wished school would end, but they remembered that Miss Fields would go away and were sorry; then they remembered that Donald was coming after school closed and they were glad.

One Friday night they were helping grandmother plant seeds in the flower garden when Mr. Turner came up from the village with the mail. Miss Margaret was riding with him, and while he carried grandfather's newspaper into the house, grandmother and the children went out to talk to her.

"Oh, Mrs. Todd," she said, "my brother is going to buy a door-stone to-morrow, and I wondered if you would let Trudy and Tim-

othy go with us and help select it?" Then she laughed.

Grandmother laughed too, but Trudy couldn't see anything to laugh at. She had often been with her mother to select things at the stores in Boston, but she could not remember ever seeing a door-stone on the counters or the shelves. Still she knew now that you could buy almost anything at the store in Todd's Ferry, so she would not have been very much surprised to see Mr. McAdam go out in the back shed and produce a nice door-stone.

"Look at Trudy," laughed the white lady. "She doesn't understand a word we are talking about. Don't tell her, folks! She never went shopping with me, and I want to surprise her."

Then Trudy laughed. "I don't care," she called as they drove away. "I know it will be lovely if it is anything you do."

Next day the sun rose early and woke Trudy. It was a beautiful morning with a soft west wind, and warm enough for summer dresses. At exactly ten o'clock Mr. Turner drove into the yard,

and at the same time they saw Amos coming up the road.

My, but the carryall was full! Mr. Johnston and Miss Margaret were on the back seat, with Trudy and Timothy in their laps, that is, Trudy sat in Miss Margaret's lap, but Timothy stood between Mr. Johnston's knees. In front were Mr. Turner and Amos, and down by their feet was a big wooden box full of smaller boxes and lumpy bundles, and all covered with a white towel.

"Good-bye," called grandmother.

Away they went. They saw grandfather working in the meadow and he waved his wide-rimmed straw hat. Through the wood road they drove, past the little red house that Trudy loved, up to Mr. Johnston's big new house, by that, and up—up a narrow road where the spotted beech trees met over their heads. About a mile beyond the new house they came to a pair of bars. Amos got out and let them down. Mr. Turner drove into the field and across it to some big pine trees that grew on the other side.

"Jump out, everybody," said Miss Margaret. "We shall have to walk the rest of the way."

"I know where we are going," shouted Timothy. "I knew we were going to the quarry. I can show you the way. I've been up to this quarry more'n a hundred times!"

"Lead on, then," said Amos. "Take the ladies to the door-step store, and we'll be along as soon as we have unhitched Ned and given him his dinner."

"Come on! Hustle up, Trudy," ordered Timothy, plunging into the woods.

At first they walked over pine needles, with young light-green ferns growing here and there, but soon they came to a place where the choppers had been at work in the winter. Scratchy dead branches lay loose on the ground, and Trudy had to lift her feet very high to walk at all. Even then it was hard work, and she swayed and tumbled among the dry brown limbs. Miss Margaret helped her, but Timothy crashed ahead, shouting, "Hurry up, hurry up, Trudy!"

At last they reached the other side. Here they found a thin row of pine trees, and beyond them, many irregular-shaped pieces of rock.

Soft, cool, hay-scented ferns grew thickly among them at first, but stopped at the edge of the quarry.

"This is where I am going to do my shopping," said Miss Margaret gravely. "This is the granite quarry where they sell door-stones of the very best quality."

Trudy looked about her. Instead of a store she saw a great flat floor of rock, with blocks of all sizes lying about. On the sides the rocks looked like giant's steps where the square blocks had been cut away. Timothy was already scrambling over them. Trudy heard a noise, and saw Mr. Turner and Amos walking up a wide path, carrying the box of lunch.

"Where did you go?" they said. "Why didn't you come up the road?"

"Timothy took us through the brush that the wood-choppers left," explained Miss Margaret. "He said he knew the way."

"And he didn't know it at all," declared Trudy, "but we got here. I tore my stocking. Isn't this a wonderful place?"

Amos told her that the top of the hill was of granite, a gray rock that was used for curbstones

in the cities, for foundations of houses, and, in the country, for door-stones a great deal. Mr. Turner owned the quarry, and when a person wanted to buy any granite he would sell it. In the early spring he drilled holes in the rock and filled them with dynamite, blasting out pieces of every size and shape that he thought might be needed. When he could, he preferred to haul the blocks down in the winter because it was easier to take them over snow, but sometimes he had to do it in summer. After Mr. Johnston had picked out the block he liked for his door-stone, Mr. Turner would come up with a pair of oxen and a drag and haul it down to the house.

"What's a drag?" asked Trudy.

"Oh, just a low platform on big strong wheels. It's easy to get the stones off and on a low thing. Granite is very heavy, you know."

Mr. Johnston had selected his door-stone and come back to where they were talking.

"What did you say about the dry brush?" he asked.

"It is all in a mess over there," replied Trudy.

"I'll have that fixed. They should never

leave it so. It must be piled up in rows, several feet apart and the earth between all cleared of rubbish."

"Why?"

"I know," replied Timothy. "So if it gets on fire, they can dig trenches between the rows of brush and the fire won't have so much chance to spread."

"Right!" declared Mr. Turner. "Go to the head of the class, young man."

"No, go to the lunch box," said Miss Margaret. "I'm hungry."

"Well," announced Amos, "it is time to be hungry. It is twelve o'clock."

"Where's the clock?" asked Trudy.

"In the sky. Can't you see the sun is right over your head, half-way between rising and going to bed?"

They all laughed at that, and Amos was very much surprised when he realized that he had made a rhyme. He got up and said he guessed he'd build the fire.

"Oh," cried Trudy, "are we going to have a fire? Where?"

"Where we always have it, of course," answered Timothy. "Don't you see the fireplace?"

In a sheltered corner of the quarry, on the granite floor and between two granite walls, were three flat rocks set up like three sides of a stove. The front was open; another flat rock made the top. The one at the back was lower than those at the sides, and left an opening for the smoke to escape.

"Everybody get some dry wood," called Miss Margaret. "I'll unpack."

It was easy to find dry wood at the edge of the quarry, and soon Amos had a roaring fire. Mr. Johnston and Mr. Turner were taking packages from the wooden box and handing them to Miss Margaret. She had spread a red and white table-cloth on a big square block of stone, and Trudy weighted the corners with some small stones to keep it from blowing away. Amos kept Timothy busy, calling for more and more wood.

"What are you making such a big fire for, Amos?" inquired Trudy.

"Need a lot of hot ashes. Do you think I've got about enough now, Miss Margaret?"

"Exactly right. Trudy, will you please carry this bundle to Amos?"

She put a bulky, knobby package in Trudy's arms. It was heavy, and Trudy wondered what it could be, but she was quite amazed when Amos opened it and out tumbled clean, raw potatoes!

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "How are you going to cook them?"

"Bake them in the ashes! Oh, but they're good!" shouted Timothy. "I choose that one! Here, give it to me, Amos. I'm going to bake my own potato."

He seized one and thrust it deep into the hot ashes, pushing it in with a long stick. Amos put in the others and covered them deep with ashes. Then he piled on more wood and the fire roared and crackled over the potatoes.

"Here's the coffee-pot," said Miss Margaret.

Trudy looked very sober. "Grandmother won't let us drink coffee," she said.

"It's only the coffee-*pot*," Miss Margaret as-

sured her. "It is full of nice cocoa. We are going to heat it up while the potatoes are cooking. Come, everybody, luncheon is ready. We'll have our hot baked potatoes for dessert. I'm too hungry to wait another minute."

They sat on the smooth, clean floor of the quarry, and there were so many blocks of granite piled about that every one had a seat with a high straight back. And there were so many good things to eat! Everybody helped everybody else. Mr. Johnston carved the cold roast chicken, and Miss Margaret passed the white bread. Each one had a red and white napkin in his lap and a white plate.

"Take a slice of bread," said Miss Margaret, "and put it right in the middle of your plate."

Timothy had bitten a piece from his slice, but he put the rest of it down quickly for he didn't want to miss anything.

Then Miss Margaret took a thermos bottle from the box and poured thick brown gravy, piping hot, on each slice of bread. My, how the knives and forks flew! There were crisp little green pickles, and Graham nut bread

sandwiches, and dried apple pie, and—oh, yes —the cocoa that bubbled on the hot stone, and when they thought they couldn't possibly eat any more, some big round chocolate peppermints, so big that Timothy called them pies!

"Well," said Amos, shaking the crumbs from his napkin, "if ever you are looking for work, Miss Margaret, I'll give you a recommendation as a boarding-house keeper. If you give 'em such meals as you have just given us, you'll have a houseful all the time. Don't know but I might be persuaded to board with you myself if you'd locate in the country. No cities for me."

"We haven't had the potatoes yet," announced Timothy. "I'm going to see if mine is done."

He poked the hot coals aside with his stick and pulled the potatoes out. They were just shiny black!

"They're all spoiled," cried Trudy. "It's too bad, but I couldn't eat another mouthful anyway."

"Wait and see," advised Mr. Johnston.

"Don't you be too sure. You watch me and I'll show you something good."

He speared a potato with his fork, laid it on his plate, broke it open and put a piece of butter right in the middle; then he salted it and began to eat.

"Mm-m, yum-m-m, yum-m-m-m!" he said.

And when the others tried theirs the same way they agreed with him perfectly.

"If Amos can tell time without a clock," said Miss Margaret, "I can wash dishes without water!"

She gave each person a paper napkin and showed them how to rub the plates until there wasn't a bit of grease left. All the waste food was scattered where the birds and little wood animals could find it; the greasy papers were burned in the fire, and some dirt thrown onto the embers to put them out.

"Never leave a fire burning in the woods," said Mr. Johnston, "and never make one unless you have sand or rock to build it on. Trees are too valuable, and take too long to grow, to be destroyed by carelessness. Now let's take a

walk. We surely need some exercise after that big dinner."

They climbed to the very top of the hill, and Trudy thought it one of the nicest places she had ever seen. It was carpeted with soft green moss and spongy gray moss, dry and springy, and the whole place divided into irregular spaces by lines of young fir trees.

"Why," she said, "they are just like rooms. And the green moss is a velvet carpet."

"Yes," agreed Timothy, rolling about on the gray moss, "and this is like a bouncy bed."

"What a beautiful place to play house. I I wish I could walk up here."

The Santa Claus man had gone a little way ahead. He called to them, "I've discovered something! Come and see."

And when they ran to see what it was they found him standing on a big rock, looking down the other side of the hill.

"Oh—oh—oh," sang Trudy, hopping up and down, "that's your new house, and there's my little red one, and they're only a bit of a way

down the hill. And I could climb right up here from your house, couldn't I?"

"You surely could," he answered, "and you surely may, any time that you want to, because this happens to be a part of my back yard."

Then Amos looked at his clock in the sky and said he guessed they'd better be going if Mr. Turner wanted to do any milking that night. So this time they did not go the short way over the fields, but back to the quarry where they picked up their boxes, and then on to the trees where they had left Ned. He was glad to see them and wanted to run all the way home, he was in such a hurry for his supper, but the other picnickers were not hungry a bit and had only a drink of new warm milk before they went to bed.

CHAPTER XI

THE STORE

In June the school closed and Miss Fields went away for the summer. She was sorry not to stay and see the new store, but Trudy promised to send her a post-card of it; and, besides, it would still be in operation when she came back in September. Amos was busy now, painting the building, fitting shelves and making a sign to put over the door. Every day Trudy and Timothy went down to watch him, and the other children came too. Mr. McAdam gave them an old cash drawer to fit under the counter. He had a new cash register so he did not need it any more. Bill showed them how to open and shut the cash drawer. You had to do it exactly right or it wouldn't work, and it was quite hard. A bell rang when you opened the drawer. That was so that no one else could open it without your knowing, you see. Belle

Perkins and May Barnes made some dresses for Bessie-doll, and asked Trudy if they could help tend store. Ben Dobson, the biggest boy in school, who usually did not notice Timothy at all, gave him an old baseball mitt and said he'd teach him to pitch if Timothy would let him sell post-cards.

One day all the children were watching Amos work when he said, "I'll be ready to letter this sign pretty soon now. What are you going to have on it?"

"Timothy and Trudy Todd," said Timothy.

"Trudy and Timothy Todd," said Trudy.

Then they looked at each other. They were cross.

"I want my name first," said Timothy.

"You ought to let ladies be first," replied Trudy.

They glared at each other. They were almost ready to quarrel when the white lady came by.

"What *is* the matter, partners?" she asked. When they had explained she laughed. The white lady laughed at almost everything. Even when you were dreadfully cross, you

began to feel better when you heard her laughing. So now Trudy's pout ran away, and Timothy's scowl vanished, as they waited to hear what she would say. "Why, you have the very nicest names in all the world for a sign! It will be a sign that every one will look at and wonder what it means. And when they have read the sign, they will look in the window and see the nice candy and the lovely postcards, and then they will open the door and walk right in and buy something! They can't help it!"

"What is it?"

"'T. and T. Todd!' And when Trudy reads it she will know it means Trudy and Timothy Todd, and when Timothy reads it he will know it means Timothy and Trudy Todd, so you will both be satisfied. And when any one else reads it, they won't know which name comes first, and it will be such a joke, won't it?"

They all thought it would, and then the white lady asked Trudy and Timothy to walk home with her. On the way, she told them that her little nephew, Donald, was coming

on the noon stage. In the summer, when the boarders came, there were two trains a day, and Mr. Perkins made two trips with the stage.

"I've told him all about you, and just where you live, and he is going to watch for you as he goes by, so you must be on the steps to wave to him. And after a little you must come up to Mr. Turner's and see him. He has never been in the country before. He has lived in Washington, and in the summer he has been to the beach."

"Oh," cried Timothy, "Washington, where the President lives?"

"Yes, and he will tell you all about it."

Trudy and Timothy hurried as fast as they could with their dinner. When Trudy wiped the dishes for grandmother, she ran to the window with every dish to see if the stage was coming. There was plenty of time, however, and long before it came they were sitting on the steps with Lamey between them. Trudy had dressed Lamey up in one of her blue hair ribbons and she looked very fine. They waited and waited, but at last they heard Mr. Perkins shout-

ing "Get-ap, get-ap" to the tired horses as they climbed the hill.

First they saw the horses' ears over the brow of the hill, then their heads, then the top of the stage, then Mr. Perkins's hat, and then all of Mr. Perkins. And beside him was Donald!

They waved their hands at him and he waved at them. As the stage rattled by, they could see that Donald was about as big as Timothy. He had black curly hair. He looked as if he would be nice to play with, and just the very first minute that grandmother would let them, they raced up to Mr. Turner's.

Donald was sitting by Mr. Johnston. "Here, Trudy—here, Timothy," called Mr. Johnston, "come and see if I didn't tell you the truth about Donald. Here are his eyes, and see his two ears and his mouth ——"

But the white lady interrupted him. "Don't tease the children, brother," she said; "let them get acquainted themselves. We will walk over to the new house, and they can come later if they wish to."

"I want to see Lamey," said Donald.

"Very well," replied his uncle. "Then you can come across the fields to the house."

Trudy and Timothy took Donald down to Grandfather Todd's, where he was introduced to grandmother and grandfather. Out to the barn they raced and showed him Jack-horse in his stall, Susan and Daisy, and Daisy's calf in the barn-yard, and Dilly and her kittens in the hay. The hens were running about the road in front of the barn. They all looked alike to Donald, but Timothy had no trouble in finding Lamey. He brought her to Donald in his arms, and Donald stroked her neck. "This is your new friend Donald, Lamey dear," explained Timothy, and Lamey cocked her head on one side and said:

"Kr-r-r, krr-r-r, krr-r-r!"

"She's saying, 'Pleased to meet you, Donald,'" cried Trudy.

Donald gave Lamey a ride in the wheelbarrow, and Trudy showed him the hole where grandfather killed the skunk that bit her and made her lame.

"What do you do here all day?" inquired

Donald. "I shouldn't think there'd be much going on."

"We go to school, and skate in the winter ——"

"And play baseball ——"

"And make candy and pop corn, and have maple-sugar parties ——"

"And go on picnics with Amos ——"

"And take pictures ——"

"And we're going to keep a store this summer!"

"Not a real store," said Donald; "of course not—kids can't keep store."

"We are too—in the village! And sell postcards ——"

"That we took the pictures for, our own selves!"

And then Trudy and Timothy talked both at once, and so loud and so fast that they never heard Amos at all when he came whistling up the road.

"Hullo," said Amos. "Well, well, who's this young man?"

"This is Donald Johnston," answered Trudy.

"Donald, this is Amos. He's painting our store for us. You ask him if we aren't going to keep store this summer."

"Sure thing!" said Amos. "Here's the whole firm—T. and T. Todd—dealers in high-grade post-cards and first-class home-made candy."

Before Donald had been many weeks in Todd's Ferry, he learned, as Trudy had, that there was plenty to do in the country. The new house was progressing fast, the hotel in the village was open, the boarders were coming every day on the stage, and automobiles began to honk-honk on the narrow roads. Donald had seen the store and was quite impressed to think that Trudy and Timothy were really going to stand behind the counter and sell things for really, truly money.

Mr. McAdam put up a notice in his store, and whenever the stage passed the door with its new sign of "T. and T. Todd," Mr. Perkins would point to it with his whip and say to his passengers, "See that place? That's going to be a bang-up spot to buy your post-cards. And

as for maple-walnut fudge—I tell you T. and T. Todd are some on that! I've sampled it." And then he would smack his lips and all the passengers would make up their minds to trade with T. and T. Todd.

Grandmother had written to ask Trudy's father and mother if they were willing that she should be in the store during the vacation, and they answered that she could be there half of every day. The rest of the time she must play outdoors in the fresh air to keep well and strong. And on no account must she stay up in the evening. She must be in bed every night at eight o'clock! Grandmother thought that these were good rules for Timothy too, so they talked it over, and decided that the store should be open every day from nine o'clock to one, because nearly all of the boarders came to the village in the morning. After dinner the village was almost deserted until about seven o'clock, when the mail came.

"There's lots of folks walk down in the evening for the mail," said Amos. "It's a pity the store shouldn't be open then. We'd pick up a

lot of trade. I'll tell you—if Trudy and Timothy are willing, I'll just slip in and sit there, from seven to nine, say, and if any customers come, I'll 'tend to 'em." So it was settled that way.

On the first of July the store opened. Grandmother had been down and washed the window until it shone. Trudy and Timothy had spent hours displaying their goods. Trudy had made several pounds of delicious maple fudge. Mr. Turner had given them some little scalloped sugar cakes, and the fresh new post-cards were neatly arranged in piles on the counter. There was a table with a big blue blotter, a bottle of ink and some new pens on it, and two chairs for people to sit in and direct their post-cards. Trudy, in a clean white dress, and Timothy, in his best linen suit, stood behind the counter, waiting for customers!

Promptly at nine o'clock Amos opened the door. My, what a crowd there was! The Santa Claus man was the first. He had been waiting ever since eight o'clock, with his hand on the knob, and he bought a dozen post-cards and a

ALL THE OTHER CHILDREN CROWDED AROUND OUTSIDE

dozen one cent stamps, and sat right down at the table to direct them with a new pen. Mr. McAdam ran over to wish them luck and buy some fudge for his wife, and ever so many boarders came in. There was hardly room to walk around, there was such a rush! Belle Perkins and May Barnes and Ben Dobson and Bill and Donald and all the other children crowded around outside, and flattened their noses against the window to see, and pushed each other out of the way, and altogether it was very exciting! Amos went up the road and took a picture of the crowd about the store, which came out splendidly and was one of the best sellers all summer.

The fudge was all sold out in less than an hour, and Trudy had orders for five pounds more. Mr. Turner drove down about eleven o'clock to see how they were getting along. When Trudy told him about the fudge and said all his sugar cakes were sold too, he was ever so pleased. "Good enough!" he said. "You'll be buying sugar of me to make fudge before the summer is over. You'll use yours all up in a month."

At one o'clock they locked the door, gave Amos the key and went home. The Johnstons were there. Grandmother had invited them to stay to dinner and hear all about it.

"Oh, grandmother," said Trudy, "just think! I sold all that candy, and they want five pounds for to-morrow!"

"I shall have to help on the candy making," replied grandmother.

"And they liked Lamey's pictures," cried Timothy. "Dear old Lamey—I'm going out and tell her so."

After dinner Trudy sat in the big rocking-chair with the Santa Claus man.

"I think we can buy that fish-route pretty soon," she said. "Won't Amos be surprised? And then—after that—you know!"

In a little while she slipped down. "I'm going up to my house now," she told him. "The boys are digging a well for Lamey. I'm going over and play house. I'm going to play I lived there. Don't you tell—that's our secret."

After she had gone, the Santa Claus man had a long talk with grandmother and grandfather.

Then he sat down at the sitting-room table and wrote a letter to Trudy's father and mother in Florida. And the grown-ups had a secret, too! And late that night, when grandmother and grandfather were talking about the secret, they, too, wondered if the jolly red-faced man with the white hair and beard might not really be Santa Claus!

CHAPTER XII

FOURTH OF JULY

It was the afternoon before the Fourth of July. Trudy and Timothy sat on the big door-stone when Donald came down the hill. Lamey was clucking and scratching about the yard, and the new calf was tied to a tree.

"What are you doing?" asked Donald.

"Nothing—just watching the calf."

"That's all there is to do in this stupid old place—watch a calf, or something like that. Nothing ever happens here. Say, to-morrow's the Fourth of July. If I was home, I'd sit up to-night till ten o'clock, and there'd be fireworks and band concerts and horns and cowbells and red fire and all sorts of things."

"I'd have torpedoes and a snap-cane," said Trudy.

"Well," declared Timothy, indignantly, "I guess we have Fourth o' July up here! The boys ring the church bell at twelve o'clock, and

Ben Dobson gets his cannon out and goes round and fires it off everywhere to wake folks up, and there's the picnic in the grove, with speeches and lemonade—and *we* have torpedoes and fireworks, too! And my grandfather's got some Japanese lanterns, and we put candles in 'em and hang 'em on the trees when it gets dark, and I sit up to see 'em too. We have dandy Fourth o' Julys up here—so now!"

"You don't have great long parades with Indians and Puritans and early settlers in them."

"No, but we have a band ——"

"And you don't have ——"

"Git-ap, git-ap," sounded down the road, and the stage horses galloped by. Mr. Perkins waved his whip, shouting, "I'm going up to Turner's —better come on, kids. There's a big box here for Mr. Johnston, marked 'Fireworks.' Whoa, there—climb up, now."

He pulled the horses to a halt, and the children ran up the road and scrambled over the big wheel to the seat beside him.

"There now, Donald Johnston," said Trudy, "now I guess we'll have some fireworks!"

"Well, you wouldn't if it wasn't for my uncle —he bought 'em—so!"

As soon as they saw the great wooden box they forgot to squabble. The Santa Claus man opened it very carefully. There were bunches and bunches of firecrackers—no giant ones, though—boxes and boxes of torpedoes; rockets, pinwheels, Roman candles, serpents and all sorts of fizzy, spluttery joys.

"When shall we have them—to-night or to-morrow night? I think, Timothy, if your grandmother will invite us all down to her house, we'd better have our celebration there. The meadow across the road will be a splendid place to set them off—no danger of fires."

"Ben Dobson says the selectmen aren't going to allow any fireworks in the village," announced Trudy. "They are afraid the houses will catch fire from the sparks. But there's going to be a water carnival on the lake to-night, instead. All the boats are going to be decorated. If we have our fireworks to-morrow night, we can see both celebrations."

"Yes," agreed the white lady, "and we can

put up a notice in the store, saying that we are to have fireworks, and inviting every one to come. The meadow is big enough for all the people in Todd's Ferry."

"Splendid," approved the Santa Claus man, and so it was decided.

Grandfather and grandmother were delighted to have a celebration right in front of the house. Grandfather brought the Japanese lanterns from the shed attic and began fitting candles into them at once.

In the evening they all went to the water carnival. The boarders had decorated boats and canoes with flowers, crepe paper, lanterns and branches of trees, and they looked very lovely as they moved slowly about the dark lake in all their bright lights and colors. Several hotels had graphophones, and they played songs and the people sang. Trudy and Timothy and Donald sat on the bank and had the grandest time you can imagine. All the way home they talked about it. They agreed to stay awake and listen for the church bell at twelve o'clock, but—that old Sand Man was

waiting for them, and the next thing they knew after they went to bed, it was morning and Ben Dobson was out in the road with his cannon! "Boom—boom," it said. It wasn't a very big cannon, only a little black iron thing on two wheels, with a long cord to pull it about! But when Ben Dobson had loaded it with black powder from a canvas bag, and every one had run away while he lighted the fuse, and he had run as the fuse sputtered and scolded, and every one had held his breath till—*Boom*—it was a very, *very* big noise!

Donald and Timothy tagged about after Ben all the morning. They had been told not to go near or touch the cannon. They had fire-crackers of their own, but they liked the cannon better.

About ten o'clock the band came from the next town, the speakers came from the hotel with the selectmen, and a little procession marched to the grove by the lake. Here was to be the picnic and already people were driving in from their farms. There were several teams in the sheds when grandfather hitched

Jack-horse there. Trudy and Timothy were out of the wagon in a minute, running here and there, hunting for Amos. They found him talking to Mr. Perkins and both men were looking up at the sky.

"Hullo, Red-top," said Mr. Perkins; "you want to keep that head of yours covered up to-day. The air-ships are likely to come this way, and if the aviators see that red top-piece of yours, they may think it is some new kind of a flower and swoop down and carry you off."

"Air-ships!" gasped Timothy, too astonished to be angry at Mr. Perkins for calling him "Red-top"; "up here? Oh—gee!" And away he ran to spread the news.

Donald soon came with Mr. Johnston, Miss Margaret, Mr. Turner and his housekeeper. He was not as excited about the air-ships as the other children.

"Huh," he grunted, "I've seen thousands of 'em. They fly over the Washington monument 'most every day. Wonder if they'll be biplanes or monoplanes."

But even the grown folks of Todd's Ferry

were very eager about them, because an air-ship had never come that way before. There was to be a great cross-country race the next day, and the aviators were all out practicing. The race *might* go right over Todd's Ferry! All the forenoon, during the boat races and the swimming races and the sack races, people kept looking up in the sky to see if the air-ships were coming.

Donald had to admit that a Fourth of July in the country was not so stupid, after all. There were all kinds of sports, and he liked them so much that when Mr. Turner announced a three-legged race for boys under ten years old, he teased Timothy to enter. And they won the race! Amos won the men's race, and Bill, the grocer's boy, the rowing race. Belle Perkins took the prize in the potato race. When the church bell rang at noon, every one was glad to sit down and eat lunch. Ben Dobson came late, with his cannon, which he hid behind a stone wall. Donald saw him, and he noticed that he hid the powder there too.

After dinner all the people went over to the speakers' stand and sat on the benches under

the trees to listen to the speeches. Trudy cuddled up beside the white lady, glad to rest. Donald and Timothy sat on the ground, by the end of the bench. The speeches were very long and not a bit interesting for little boys, so they soon became tired of listening. They began to fidget. They turned and twisted, and at last started to crawl away but grandfather stopped them. "Be quiet," he said. "Keep still and listen." Grandfather liked the speeches and when he was not looking Donald pulled Timothy's sleeve.

"Come on," he whispered; "sneak under the bench and let's get out. I've got something to show you."

Very slowly and cautiously they wriggled under the bench and along the ground until they were out of grandfather's sight. Then Donald scampered for the stone wall. Timothy followed. Over they went.

"There!" said Donald, pointing.

The little black cannon stood there, waiting. Beside it lay the canvas bag of powder.

"Let's fire it off," said Donald, boldly.

"Oh, grandfather told me not to touch it."

"Well, it won't hurt us. I'll bet I can do it just as well as Ben Dobson. I know I could. But you couldn't—you're a fraid-cat! You're a sissy, anyhow—playing with that girl all the time. You wouldn't dare to!"

"I do, too!"

"You don't—you don't—I dare you!"

Hot-headed Timothy seized the powder bag, shook out some in his hand as he had seen Ben Dobson do all the morning, loaded the cannon and then—"I haven't any match."

"Here's one—I brought some along for my punk."

Timothy scratched the match on the seat of his trousers. He lighted the fuse. There was a flash. A sheet of flame enveloped them. The earth shook as they tried to run. They screamed—oh, how they screamed!

The audience turned from the speaker. But the white lady, her pink cheeks as white as her dress, was already running toward the screams. So was Amos—so was Ben Dobson, and lots of men. They threw coats about Donald and

Timothy and rolled them in the sand. Some one called for the doctor.

"Oh—oh—are they dead?" wailed Trudy.

Soon the doctor shouted cheerily, "Not much harm done, folks. Go back to your speeches. These youngsters will have to stay in bed for a few days, but there is no permanent damage, fortunately. We'll get them home, and they'll soon be all right again."

Amos hurried after the wagons, and the two families drove home. The doctor went too. Timothy had burned both arms quite badly, and his eyebrows were all gone. Some of his red hair was singed and scorched. Donald was burned about the neck. They were bandaged and put to bed. Neither boy said very much. The cannon had exploded, but they both knew it was their own fault. If they had obeyed grandfather they would still be enjoying themselves at the picnic.

"We can't have any fireworks, can we?" Trudy asked Mr. Johnston after the doctor had gone.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "We couldn't disap-

point every one because Donald and Timothy were naughty."

Late in the afternoon, when Miss Margaret was sitting by Donald's bed, Mr. Johnston came into the room. "I'm going down to Todds' now," he said. "It's nearly time to get ready for the fireworks."

"Oh, uncle, are you going to have the fireworks? I can't see them—why don't you wait till I get better?"

Mr. Johnston looked at him gravely. "You chose your own celebration," he answered. "You had it in your own way. You know whether you are enjoying it or not. You have punished yourself, and more than that, you have punished Aunt Margaret, who has done nothing wrong. She can't see the fireworks either. She has to stay and take care of you."

Timothy, tossing on his pillow in the dark, heard the swishing rockets climb up in the sky, and begged grandmother to go out and see them. But she wouldn't leave him, and so both little boys learned that when we do wrong we hurt others as well as ourselves.

CHAPTER XIII

THE AIR-SHIP

In the morning Amos came quite early with a message for Trudy. One of T. and T. Todd's best customers wanted an especial post-card—she wanted a picture of a tall elm tree that grew all by itself in a meadow, several miles from the village. Amos said that Belle Perkins would tend store, and he would drive Trudy to the spot if grandfather would lend him Jack-horse. Grandfather went out to harness and Amos went up to see Timothy.

"Well, youngster," he said, "I guess you will let cannon alone after this."

Poor Timothy was very unhappy. His arms hurt him dreadfully, but his heart hurt him much more. He knew he would not have touched the cannon if Donald had not dared him, but he knew, also, that he should have said no to the dare. He had made up his mind never to tell on Donald, but he was miserable

all the same. He turned his head away from Amos and would not answer. He wriggled down under the sheet, so he shouldn't hear Amos, but he couldn't help hearing a voice in the kitchen calling, "Timothy—oh, Timothy, dear—I've something to tell you!" The white lady ran up the stairs. She stooped over the bed and she pulled the sheet away. She turned Timothy over, right into her arms. He looked into her shining eyes and felt better. "Yes," she cried, "yes, dear! Donald has told me—he told me how he dared you to fire the cannon, and he says it was all his fault. He's awfully sorry, and as soon as the doctor will let him, he's coming himself to ask you to forgive him."

Grandmother and Trudy had followed the white lady, and now grandfather came up to see what all the hubbub meant. My—wasn't everybody happy, and didn't Timothy's arms begin to get better that very minute!

"T. Todd," said Amos solemnly, "when your arms get well, I'll shake hands with you. You're all right! You're no telltale. Come on now, Trudy, we must be moving."

They talked about ever so many things as they drove along, but mostly about the store. Trudy almost said something about their plans for buying the fish-route, but caught herself in time. She decided that she'd better talk about something else.

"Amos, do you think you'd like to go up in an air-ship?"

"Well, no—I guess the top of a hay-cart is about as high as I hanker to be."

"I wish they had gone over Todd's Ferry yesterday. I'd love to see one. Donald says he's seen thousands of 'em, but I don't really believe it's as many as that, do you?"

"Well, I guess it ain't more than nine hundred. I don't believe they could practice yesterday. It was too windy. But they'll race to-day all right. It's calm enough now."

"Oh, perhaps we shall see them after all. I'm going to watch every minute."

Until Amos hitched the horse, Trudy stretched her neck, staring up into the blue sky.

"Here we are," said Amos. "Come down to earth again."

He tied the horse to a tree by the side of the road. Then he and Trudy walked along an old path that led through the meadow, across two bridges, and at last to an immense open grassy field, in the middle of which grew the great tree. Amos lay down while Trudy walked about, looking into the finder of the camera, to see which view was best. It was very still there. The swallows skimmed over the meadow. Great blue and green dragon-flies darted over the water. The bees hummed among the flowers. Far away in the blue sky appeared a tiny speck that grew swiftly larger and larger. A humming sound grew louder and louder.

"That's a mighty big bee," murmured Amos sleepily, under his hat that he had pulled down to shade his eyes. "Look out you don't step in a hornet's nest, Trudy."

Trudy looked all around. She was afraid of hornets. She heard the humming, but it wasn't a hornet. She looked up in the sky. A shape like a giant dragon-fly was coming nearer and nearer. The humming sound increased. Trudy knew instantly what it was.

"Amos!" she screamed. "Oh—Amos, look! The air-ship—the air-ship!"

Amos leaped to his feet. They stared at the air-ship. Soon they could see the two planes and the long rudder that looked like a dragon-fly's body. The buzzing was the noise of the motor.

"Oh," exclaimed Trudy, holding the back of her neck with both hands, "isn't that lovely? Wouldn't you like to be flying up there, Amos?"

It was so close now that they could see the man sitting in it. Suddenly it began to act strangely. It tipped and tilted and seemed to lose speed.

"No!" replied Amos, decidedly. "The earth is good enough for —— Look out there!"

He caught Trudy up and ran with her as the air-ship tilted again and dived toward the earth. Down it came, but slowly, till it settled on the soft green grass, not twenty feet from them. The man scrambled out, unhurt but excited.

"Here"—he shouted to Amos—"here—you—do you know anything about machinery?"

"A little," said Amos, coming back. "What's the trouble?"

"Enough to keep me from winning this race unless you can lend a hand, and mighty quick, too."

Amos and the man bent over the machinery. Trudy quietly walked all around the air-ship and took some pictures. She thought they would sell well as post-cards. There were no houses in sight of the meadow, so no one knew about the accident. Amos and the man worked quickly on the machinery. They paid no attention to Trudy. But once, when Amos hurried to the wagon for something, the man stood up, rubbing his cramped back. He saw Trudy taking a picture. "Hullo, kid," he said, "who's that man?"

Trudy told him all about Amos and how he could do everything, to which the man replied heartily, "I believe you!" She told him how Amos wanted to buy the fish man out, and he laughed at that. "What are you going to do with those pictures? Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Trudy Todd, and I keep a store with my

Cousin Timothy in Todd's Ferry. Perhaps you saw it when you flew over. We sell post-cards and candy. I thought your air-ship would make some lovely post-cards—you don't care, do you?"

Then he laughed again. "Care? No—here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you take my picture, and if I win the race, those cards will sell for ten cents apiece."

"Ten cents!" Trudy almost lost her breath at that, but she took the picture.

"Is there a prize for the race?"

"Five thousand dollars! And if I *do* win, it will be on account of your fishy friend there. I never could have fixed this break alone."

Amos hurried back now, and in a few minutes more the man climbed into his seat, the motors buzzed, the propellers began to move—slowly at first, then faster and faster. The air-ship rose from the meadow like an immense bird.

"Good-bye—good-bye," shouted Trudy. "I hope you win the race."

"Good luck," called Amos.

They watched it until it disappeared, then

drove home. They stopped at Mr. Turner's to tell them about it, and Donald felt bad to think he hadn't been there. Timothy asked more questions than they could answer. Grandfather had been out in the haying-field when the air-ship went over Todd's Ferry and had heard the motors, but could not see it because the sun was in his eyes.

In a few days they read about the great race in the papers, but could not be sure if their friend was the winner because he had not told them his name. When the post-cards of the air-ship were ready, the boarders bought them like hot cakes. Trudy did not show those of the aviator himself. She thought perhaps she might hear from him if he had really won the race. And sure enough, not long afterward she received a letter addressed to

"Miss T. Todd,
Storekeeper,
Todd's Ferry,
New Hampshire."

The address was typewritten, but she guessed at once who had sent it. It came on the noon

mail and grandfather brought it up from the village. Donald and Timothy were almost well now, and every one was in the room when she opened the letter. A piece of blue paper fluttered out onto the floor. Mr. Johnston picked it up and whistled when he saw what it was. But Trudy was reading the letter aloud so he said nothing.

"Dear Miss Todd," she read, "I won the race, thanks to your friend. Please give him the enclosed, with my compliments, and tell him to buy out his fish-route and peddle fish to his heart's content. I prefer air-ships to fish-carts myself, but that's a matter of taste. I hope my pictures came out all right and sold well. If you have one to spare I should like to have it, and I should also like one of Mr. Amos Bean on his fish-cart.

"Your friend,

"_____ _____."

The name signed to it was that of a famous aviator. And the blue paper was a check for five hundred dollars, payable to Amos Bean!

Now maybe grandfather didn't turn Jackhorse round right straight off, and maybe Trudy

and Timothy and Donald didn't pile into the wagon with grandfather and hurry off to find Amos!

But before they started Trudy climbed into Mr. Johnston's lap and whispered in his ear, "Now I can buy my house quicker, can't I? Because the air-ship man's money will buy the fish-route for Amos! Don't you forget, will you? You know that's our secret."

While the children were away the Santa Claus man and his sister talked very earnestly with grandmother. He pulled a letter out of his pocket from Trudy's father in Florida. He read it to grandmother and the white lady, and they smiled at each other and said, "Won't she be pleased?" The grown-up folks' secret was growing better!

Amos Bean was the proudest, happiest man in Todd's Ferry when he saw that check! He hurried over to Mr. Haddock's house, and they went to the lawyer and had the papers made out that very day. Trudy opened the store in the afternoon and put the pictures of the aviator in the window, with the letter in the middle so

every one could read it. The news spread and Amos was kept busy shaking hands with people who came to tell him how glad they were. He came in the store to ask Trudy if he could buy some liniment to rub on his arm, it was so lame!

Trudy and Amos wrote a letter to the aviator, thanking him, and telling him how pleased every one was. They sent him samples of all the air-ship pictures, and promised to send one of Amos on the cart as soon as the name was changed and the cart varnished.

In reply they got souvenir cards from him—all sorts and kinds, and from so many different places. He sent them cards from all the cities where he flew.

Trudy felt quite important to have so much correspondence from a famous person, and Timothy and Donald were inclined to be jealous. They said unpleasant things until Amos heard them teasing her one day and remarked, "It was your own fault, boys, that you weren't there with us. If you had let that cannon alone, you would have gone to take the picture too. Now quit your talk." And they did.

But Amos wrote to the aviator about the two little boys who were sick in bed when he flew over Todd's Ferry, and after that Donald and Timothy had their share of post-cards.

CHAPTER XIV

THE AUCTION

THE store of T. and T. Todd did a rushing business all summer, yet the children had plenty of time to play, because grandmother decided it was too hard for Trudy to make candy, and did it herself. They sold so much that they used up all their own maple-sugar and bought all that Mr. Turner had to sell besides.

Amos painted the fish-cart red, with shiny black letters on each side, saying, "Amos Bean —Fresh Fish and Peanuts." He rode about the neighborhood and sold his fish, but he did not make much profit on the peanuts because he gave so many away to the boys and girls. He bought a big new horn, and long before you could see the red cart coming up the road, you could hear his "Toot-toot-toot!" Amos not only gave Dilly fish-trimmings, as he had promised Trudy, but whenever a cat came rubbing against

his legs when he weighed the fish, he would put an extra piece in the plate, saying to the lady, "Here's a little treat for kitty-cat." Soon all the cats learned to know the meaning of the "Toot-toot-toot," and waited for him when he drove into the yard, all ready for their fish.

Timothy took a picture of the cart, with Amos weighing out some fish and Dilly standing on her hind legs, reaching for a piece. The post-cards of this were so good that Miss Margaret suggested having an enlargement made to send to the aviator. Amos wrote his name and the date on the back, and Trudy and Timothy sent it. The aviator was flying in Washington when he received it, and he sent Amos a big book with pictures of Washington. Donald told them all about the pictures. Amos was so proud of it that he said he was going to keep it forever.

The new house was almost done now, and in September Mr. Johnston and Miss Margaret were going to Concord to select wall-paper. Just before they went they came down to see grandmother.

"Please, would you let Trudy and Timothy go to Concord with us?" asked Mr. Johnston.

"Oh, please do!" cried Trudy, hopping up and down and seizing grandmother's hand.

"Oh, yes, please do!" cried Timothy, hopping up and down, and pulling grandmother's apron.

"Why not?" said grandfather. "And Mr. Johnston can take their money and put it in the bank for them."

T. and T. Todd's store had closed after a very successful season, and Trudy and Timothy owned more money than they had ever seen before.

"Oh, but—you know—that secret I told you—what I'm going to do with mine——" began Trudy anxiously, looking at the Santa Claus man.

"That's all right," he assured her. "You want to put your money in the bank until you get ready to use it. That's business."

It was settled and they went to Concord. Donald went too, but he kept on to Boston, where his father and mother met him, and they all went home to Washington.

Trudy and Timothy had a beautiful time.

Miss Margaret selected the wall-papers, and Mr. Johnston bought some furniture. Then they went to the hotel and had dinner, and right after that they went to the bank. Mr. Johnston answered all the questions that the man in the cage asked, but Trudy and Timothy put their money in themselves. The man gave them each a bank-book with figures showing just how much money they had put in. Mr. Johnston took the books to keep them safe. They went to the State House and the Public Library. They rode back on the train with the same conductor that Trudy had come with from Boston. He remembered her, and asked her if her doll was big enough to pay a fare yet. Mr. Perkins was waiting for the train, just as he had been that day, but now Trudy knew him and scampered over the platform, shouting, "Mr. Perkins, may I ride outside with you?" It was warm now, and they all rode on the top of the stage and said, "Isn't it nice after that hot train?" Trudy was so happy to get back that Miss Margaret asked her if she liked Todd's Ferry better than Boston.

"I guess I do!" she said. "I want to live here all the time. But father's ever so much better now, and I suppose he'll be coming home soon, and then I'll have to go back to Boston. But when I'm big, I'm going to live here all the time."

At Grandfather Todd's, Trudy and Timothy jumped down, calling "Good-bye—good-bye—thank you for a lovely good time," and ran in to supper.

But before they could eat a mouthful they had to show grandmother and grandfather their little blue bank-books. One said Timothy Todd on the cover, and the other said Gertrude Todd. Grandfather put them away in the tin box with his, saying, "What are you going to do with so much money?"

"I'm going to buy an air-ship," promptly answered Timothy.

"I'm going to buy —— Oh, I forgot. I can't tell you now, for mine is a secret," said Trudy.

The next morning, when they were playing bank, and Timothy was trying to tuck a make-

believe bank-book under Lamey's wing, they heard, faint and far away, a "Toot-toot-toot!"

"It's Amos—let's run down the hill and ride up with him."

"Hullo," said Amos, pulling up the white horse as they raced toward him. "Where are you going—to the auction?"

"What's an auction?" demanded Trudy, climbing over the red wheel.

"Why, don't you know what an auction is?" said Timothy, quite scornful. "An auction is where somebody sells everything—wagons and hay and chairs and dishes—and everybody drives over and buys them. An auction is great fun. Who's going to have one, Amos?"

"Mr. Haddock—he's starting for the West next week. Toot-toot-toot," and Amos blew a great blast to tell Dilly her fish was coming.

The children rode up to Mr. Turner's with Amos. He told Mr. Johnston about the auction. "You'd better go," he advised. "Haddock's got some pretty nice pieces of old furniture, and perhaps you could pick up something for your new house."

Timothy told grandmother, and she decided to go. She wanted to buy some of Mr. Haddock's old blue plates.

"May we go?" asked Trudy.

"Of course," answered grandmother. "We'll all go. We'll take a lunch and have a picnic. All the neighbors will be there."

Two teams drove over the hill and across the plains to Mr. Haddock's on the day of the auction. In one were grandmother and Trudy on the back seat, with grandfather and Timothy in front. In the other were Miss Margaret and Mr. Johnston, Mr. Turner and his housekeeper. As they drove along they met others going to the auction too.

Mr. McAdam, the storekeeper, wanted to buy some wood, and while they were driving along with him, who should come up a cross-road but Ben Dobson with Miss Fields! She waved her hand to them as they passed.

"You're coming back to school, aren't you, Trudy?" she called.

Trudy looked at grandmother. She did not know just when father and mother would come

home, but she did want to stay in Todd's Ferry. So she was delighted to hear grandmother reply, "Trudy will begin the term anyway, Miss Fields."

At last they reached Mr. Haddock's farm. All up and down the road were carriages, drawn out at one side. The horses were unharnessed and tied to the fence. People were walking about, talking to each other. Men were going into the barn, looking at the farm wagons and tools, pulling open the horses' mouths to see how old they were, and patting the cows. Some men were up on the hay-mow, measuring the hay. Women were in the house, sitting in the chairs, looking at the dishes in the closets and at the tins in the pantry.

Timothy ran to the barn to see if there were any hens, but Trudy followed grandmother and Miss Margaret into the house. They walked through the rooms, but she did not see much to interest her until they went up-stairs. Then "Oh," she cried, and ran across the room to sit in the dearest little rocking-chair you ever saw! It had short rockers and round arms, just right

to take hold of when you rocked, and the prettiest flowered cushion on the back and seat. "Look!" said she. "Oh, look, grandmother! See this dear little chair!"

"See this!" said Miss Margaret.

This was a doll's cradle, and there was a doll in it, dressed exactly like the pictures in the old books in grandmother's bookcase—a low-necked, short-sleeved dress, with white pantalets and white stockings and black ankle-ties. She had a straw bonnet, trimmed with flowers, on her black curls. Trudy hated to leave her, but they heard grandfather calling, so they went down-stairs and out in front of the house. The auction was beginning.

Every one crowded about a big fat man with a loud voice. He was on the door-step. Another man brought out a chair. The fat man held it up so everybody could see it.

"Here is a chair!" he shouted; "a nice, comfortable chair. See how strong it is! Who wants this chair? How much am I offered for this splendid chair?"

"Fifty cents," said some one.

"A dollar," said Mr. Johnston.

And so it went on, each offering more until Mr. Johnston had bid four dollars. No one offered any more.

"Sold!" yelled the fat man. "Sold to this gentleman for four dollars."

Trudy thought the auction was great fun. She and Timothy sat on the grass and watched the fat man sell chairs and tables and beds and clocks and dishes and egg-beaters and spectacles and everything you can think of that is in a house. Grandmother bought her blue dishes and Mr. Johnston bought loads and loads of furniture. Trudy was very much excited when the auctioneer put up the little chair and a woman bid on it. But soon she heard Mr. Johnston's voice, and then she was satisfied. He bought it, and he bought the doll in the cradle besides.

It was nearly supper-time when everything was sold and the people began to go home. They could not carry all the furniture they had bought, so grandfather and Mr. Johnston had it all put in one place and told Mr. Haddock that

they would send for it the next day. Mr. Haddock was ever so pleased to think that his auction had been such a success. He told them he was going out to California to live with his sister, and they all said "Good-bye," and hoped he'd have a nice trip and like his new home.

On the way back the Santa Claus man asked Trudy to ride with him. Miss Margaret had Trudy's seat by grandmother.

"I wanted to ask you," began the Santa Claus man, "if you would care if I should let a family move into the farmhouse and live there until you were ready to buy it. You haven't quite money enough, and it seems a pity for some one not to live in such a nice place. They want to come very much."

Trudy thought a minute. She hated to leave Todd's Ferry, but she supposed when father and mother came home she would have to live with them. Of course, some day when she had money enough, she would buy the farmhouse and they would come there to live.

"Are they nice people?" she asked.

"Oh, they are very nice, indeed. I'm sure you will like them."

"Are they coming soon—before I go away?"

"Yes, I think so. And there will be a little girl there too. A very delightful little girl. I'm going to put the little rocking-chair and the doll in the farmhouse."

Trudy had thought that perhaps he was buying the doll for her, but she tried not to be selfish.

"Well," she said, "they will have to move when I buy the house. And perhaps she will be a nice little girl, and let me play with that doll."

"I'm sure she will," solemnly answered the Santa Claus man.

CHAPTER XV

HALLOWE'EN

School began. Every morning grandmother filled the two shiny lunch pails, and Trudy and Timothy ran down the hill to join the other children on their way to school. It was fun to be back again with them, and Miss Fields was nicer than ever. All the pupils were there except Ben Dobson. He was working. He was learning to be a painter. Amos, of course, was driving his fish-cart, so he could not work for grandfather and Mr. Johnston very much. Ben did many of the odd jobs that Amos used to do and Timothy liked him almost as well. Ben gave Timothy a lot of old paint cans and some brushes, and he always left some paint in the cans too. Nights, after school, Timothy painted Lamey's house. Amos said he never saw a house like it. It was red and blue and green and yellow and white, because there wasn't

enough paint of any one color to do it all, so Timothy made it a crazy house, like grandmother's patchwork quilt. He thought it was fine, and so did Lamey.

Mr. Johnston's new house was all done. The children had been helping Miss Margaret hang curtains and put books in the bookcases and dishes in the closets. One day when they were all working hard, Mr. Johnston came in from the garden where he had been digging.

"Come down-stairs," he called. "I want to tell you something."

They came down into the big hall and sat in front of the open fire. The Santa Claus man's eyes were twinkling.

"I'm thinking of giving a party," he said, just as sober as possible. "Do you suppose anybody would come?"

"I'll come—I'll come," shouted Timothy. "When are you going to have it? Will there be ice-cream?"

"Timothy, aren't you ashamed?" rebuked Trudy, indignantly. Then to the Santa Claus man—"Would anybody come?" she repeated.

"Why, Santa Claus man, don't you know that everybody in Todd's Ferry would just love to come to your party?"

"Well, all right. If you think it's perfectly safe to try it, I'll give a party on Hallowe'en. We'll have it here, and it will be a house-warming for our new home. Will you both help me? I'm not much used to giving parties."

"Do you think I'll be here?" asked Trudy. "I keep writing to mother and father and asking them when they are coming home, but they don't say a word about it. Oh, if I should have to go back to Boston before your party I should feel *awfully!*"

"I'll write to your father myself and ask him to let you stay for the party."

"Oh, then it will be all right."

"May we tell about it?" inquired Timothy.

"Sure—tell everybody. I don't want any one to stay away. I'll send out the invitations in a day or two. Look out for some good pumpkins now, kiddies—we shall need a lot of Jack-o'-lanterns."

The people of Todd's Ferry were all delighted when they heard about Mr. Johnston's house-warming. They liked him very much, and were glad he had come there to live. Trudy and Timothy could talk of nothing else. As the day drew near, Timothy spent all his time making Jack-o'-lanterns. Such funny faces as he made! And Ben Dobson brought over six tremendous ones that were dreadfully scary when they were lighted.

It seemed as if it never would, but at last Hallowe'en came. Miss Fields dismissed the school at noon-time. Trudy and Timothy raced home and over to the new house to help. Mr. Johnston and Ben were hard at work, putting the Jack-o'-lanterns around the piazza, and in all the corners of the rooms. Miss Margaret followed them and stuck in the candles. Great stacks of corn were piled up on either side of the walk that led to the front door. The new barn was hung with Jack-o'-lanterns too. There would be a dance in the barn. The piano had been moved out there. The house was decorated with autumn leaves.

"What can we do?" cried the children, darting from room to room.

"Timothy may fill the wood-boxes," said Miss Margaret, "and you, Trudy, take these baskets to the wood-shed and fill them with pine cones from the box that you will find there. Put a basketful by every fireplace. They make such pretty fires."

The children were so busy that they never heard the stage when it drove up to Trudy's farmhouse. A man and a woman got out. The children did not see them, nor did they hear Mr. Perkins' loud laugh as he drove away.

Miss Margaret sent them home at dusk, telling them to be sure and come early. They ran down the hill past the farmhouse. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and there were lights in the windows.

"Why!" exclaimed Trudy, stopping, "the people have come to the farmhouse! I didn't know they were coming to-day. Oh, dear, I wish I was just moving in there!"

"Come on," said Timothy; "never mind them. Come on home and get ready for the party."

Grandmother was so slow! She would not hurry a bit. Timothy had to fill the wood-box and feed the hens, just as if there wasn't to be a party. Grandfather came in with the milk and poured some into Dilly's saucer, and actually stood and watched her lap it up. Grandmother washed every single dish—she wouldn't leave a thing—and Trudy had to wipe them. But she danced about the kitchen all the time she was doing it, she was so impatient. Finally they were ready. Grandfather locked the door and they started across the fields.

They could see the new house, ablaze with lights from cellar to attic, but the little farmhouse was dark.

"I guess they have all gone to bed," said Trudy.

"Probably," agreed grandmother. "I think they must be tired after their journey."

"Did you see the little girl when the stage went by, grandmother?"

"No." Just then Mr. Turner and his housekeeper joined them, and Trudy forgot about the people in the farmhouse.

They went up the walk between the corn-stalks. At the door grinned two of Ben Dobson's Jack-o'-lanterns, while between them stood the lovely white lady. She was lovelier than ever to-night, in a spangly white dress and a white velvet ribbon about her white hair. At her side stood the Santa Claus man. Oh, he was so happy—his cheeks were as red as rosy apples, and his blue eyes were all smiley and roguish as he greeted his guests.

He shook hands with grandmother and grandfather, and then they all laughed. Then the white lady shook hands with them, and they all laughed again. The Santa Claus man caught Trudy right off the floor and swung her high over his head, and laughed and laughed! He shook all over, he laughed so hard.

Trudy laughed too, but she didn't know why. "What is it?" she said.

"It's Hallowe'en! It's Hallowe'en! Such wonderful things happen on Hallowe'en! Witches ride on broom-sticks—nice kind witches, with sleek purring black cats—and they listen at the chimneys, and they peek in

at the windows to see if folks are enjoying themselves—fairies dance at Hallowe'en—why, anything might happen on Hallowe'en. Do you know, if you should whisper your dearest wish in the fireplace at the moment when a witch was listening at the chimney, it would be sure to come true?"

"Let me down—let me down!" said Trudy.

She ran to the big fireplace where the pine cones were crackling. She knelt there and spoke to the fire. She said very earnestly, "I wish I might live in Todd's Ferry for always." She looked up at the Santa Claus man. "I've said it—do you suppose it will come true?"

"Who knows? It all depends on the witch."

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins came then with Belle; others followed, and soon the house was full. For a while every one wandered about, looking at the pleasant rooms and talking. Then Miss Margaret rang a little bell and announced that the games would begin. Amos and Ben Dobson brought a big tub of water into the hall. Apples floated on the water and the boys bobbed

for them. The grown folks and the girls stood about, watching them and laughing at their funny antics as they tried to seize the bobbing apples in their teeth.

After that they put out all the lights except the Jack-o'-lanterns, and Miss Margaret gave Belle Perkins a mirror. "Walk slowly downstairs backward," she said, "looking in the mirror all the time. Before you reach the hall you will see the face of your true love looking over your shoulder."

Belle came slowly down, while every one held his breath and tried not to giggle. For, at the bottom of the stairs, stood Ben Dobson, holding his most awful Jack-o'-lantern ready, and that was what Belle saw! When Timothy ran up to try the trick Amos hurried into the shed. He had known about this game, and when he came back with something brown and feathery under his arm Trudy squealed with delight. Down—down came Timothy. Just as he reached the last step, "Quaw-w-wk, quaw-k," sounded in his ear, and there was Lamey looking at him in the mirror!

Now came Trudy's turn. As she slowly descended the stairs, wondering what she should see, a man and a woman slipped into the hall. Mr. Johnston signaled the company to keep very still. No one laughed. No one spoke. There was only the sound of Trudy's careful footsteps on the stairs. Down she came—very slowly and cautiously, her eyes fixed on the mirror. The man and the woman crept up the stairs to meet her. And then she saw, looking over her shoulder and smiling at her in the Hallowe'en mirror, her own dear mother and father!

How they hugged her! And how all the friends crowded around them and how they all talked at the same time! And how Trudy hurried to find the Santa Claus man, who had suddenly disappeared, and bring him to see mother and father. When she found him, he had a long paper in his hand. And he wasn't a bit surprised to see father and mother. He gave Trudy the paper. It had a great deal of writing on it, but she couldn't understand it at all. "What does it mean?" she asked father.

DOWN SHE CAME, VERY SLOWLY

He took it and read it. When he handed it back to her, his hand shook. "It means," he answered, "that Mr. Johnston—your Santa Claus man—has given you the farmhouse. It means that we are going to live in it, and take care of this place when he is in Washington, and help him when he is here."

"But I don't understand," said Trudy. "There are people in the farmhouse—they came to-day. You said they were coming"—to Mr. Johnston—"you said there was a little girl!"

"Yes, I did. Here are the people that came—and here is the little girl!"

"Who?—Oh, did you know all the time? Did you send for father and mother? Did you mean me?"

"Yes," said the Santa Claus man, holding out his arms.

Trudy leaped into them and gave him a great strangly bear hug. "Oh," she sobbed, "my wish has come true! I'm going to live right where I wanted to—I'm going to sit in my little rocking-chair and play with that lovely doll! Oh, you dear, dear Santa Claus man, you're the best

man in the whole world—next to father!" She drew back and looked into his face.

"I do believe you *are* Santa Claus himself!"

"I know he is!" said father and mother together.

CHAPTER XVI

TRUDY'S HOME

After the party was over, every one walked down the hill with Trudy and her father and mother. They had known father when he was a little boy, living in the big farmhouse with grandfather and grandmother, and were pleased to have him come back to Todd's Ferry. It sounded so queer to Trudy when they called him "Sam." In Boston people had called him "Mr. Todd."

Trudy hoppity-skipped between father and mother, holding their hands. At the little red farmhouse she turned, pulling them along the path that led through the lilac bushes to the front door. She was in a hurry to enter her own home, but just then she remembered that she was not going to leave all the good friends who were standing on the path and around the gate, and she ran back to hug them, every one.

"Good-night, good-night!" she called. "I'm so happy! We're going to live in the country. I'm going to live in my dear red house!"

In Miss Margaret's arms she said, "I'm going in this very minute and find my doll. I know what I shall name her. Judith, for the little girl in grandmother's story."

"Of course," whispered the white lady; "you couldn't name her anything else, for she looks exactly like Judith, and—oh, Trudy, perhaps she *is* Judith, enchanted by a wicked fairy and turned into china!"

"I'll love her so, I'll break the enchantment," Trudy cried as she followed mother and father up the path.

"Good-night," called grandfather. "I'll be over in the morning to help you, Sam."

"Good-night, Trudy," shouted Timothy. "I'll bring Lamey over bright and early."

In the house, a fire was smouldering in the living-room fireplace, but in the round stove it burned brightly. There was another stove in the den, and, of course, in the kitchen. Father explained that fireplaces were attractive, and

fine for ventilation, but in winter they would not be enough to heat the rooms. So, as there were two chimneys, stoves could be set up in any room and used in the cold weather, but put away in summer. Mother lighted the lamps and Trudy ran from room to room.

"There's no stove in the dining-room," she said.

"No, but the fireplace and the heat from the kitchen make that room warm enough. It is an east room, too, and gets the morning sun. But, Trudy-girl, you *must* go to bed. School to-morrow, you know, and the house won't run away."

"No, indeed," agreed father. "Trudy will have all the days that are coming to explore her new home. And she will have to show me everything and tell me everything, for I have been away from Todd's Ferry so long."

"Of course I will, and I'll love to, father! Oh, aren't you glad you sent me up to grandmother, and we found the Santa Claus man?"

Father took mother and Trudy in his arms. "I'm more than glad, daughter," he answered gravely. "I'm thankful!"

That night the enchanted Judith slept in her little enchanted bed beside Trudy's rocking-chair. And Trudy slept under one of grandmother's many patchwork quilts. For ever so many people had known that Trudy's father and mother were coming, and had worked hard to have the new home all ready for them. But all the people who knew had been very careful to keep the secret from Trudy, because Mr. Johnston wanted her to be surprised. And she surely was!

In the morning she slept so late there was only time to eat breakfast and scamper across the fields after Timothy. Mother had her lunch all ready, in a tin pail, just as grandmother always packed it.

"Hurry, dear," said mother. "Don't celebrate your new house by being late to school."

Timothy saw her coming. "I have a hen for you," he shouted. "She looks something like Lamey, only she's spryer. Of course Uncle Sam will keep hens, but I thought you'd like to have one of your own. She's a nice pullet. What are you going to name her?"

"Henrietta," said Trudy promptly.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Timothy. "Her name is bigger than she is!"

"Toot-toot-toot!" sounded in the distance, and half-way down the road they met Amos. The fish cart had a new coat of paint.

"I expect a new customer," he told them, "so I gave the cart a new dress. Trudy, do you think your mother will buy fish of me?"

"I guess she *will*——" began Trudy, and then she saw the twinkle in his eye, and knew that he was teasing her. She remembered that there wasn't any other way to get fish in Todd's Ferry, but she said, just as soberly as Amos had, "If you bring good fresh fish, I don't think she will make any change."

Amos laughed at that and drove on, blowing another "Toot-toot-toot" to tell Dilly her dinner was on the way.

In a few minutes they saw Bill, driving the wagon from the store.

"Oh, Bill," called Timothy, "you're going the wrong way. Come on back and give us a ride."

"Can't be done," grinned Bill. "I've been

told there's a new family in town, and I'm on the way to see if they have any orders. Little girl, could you tell me where Mr. Samuel Todd lives?"

He laughed too, and clucked at the horse without waiting for an answer.

On the store steps Ben Dobson was standing with his box of carpenter's tools beside him.

"Hullo, Trudy," he called. "Didn't have the nightmare after the party, did you? I'm going up to your house. Your father sent word down by Mr. Johnston that there were some doors that needed tinkering."

At school all the boys and girls told Trudy how pleased they were to have her live in Todd's Ferry, and Trudy told Miss Fields about Judith, her new, old-fashioned doll, who had slept all night in the little old-fashioned cradle.

Mr. Turner, the stage-driver, carried them home from the village that night. He had some express packages for Mr. Johnston, with orders to leave them at Samuel Todd's, so Trudy rode all the way to her own door. When she jumped down over the wheel, Mr.

Turner said, "Remember the night you came, Trudy, almost a year ago?"

"I guess I do. And you wouldn't tell me about Lamey! I have a hen of my own now. Timothy has given her to me. Her name is Henrietta."

Trudy ran into the house. How different it looked with the furniture in it; Trudy recognized many pieces that Mr. Johnston had bought at the auction, and in a corner cupboard of the dining-room were Mr. Haddock's blue dishes. Grandmother had bought them for mother.

"Come, Trudy-girl," said mother. "I've been waiting for you. Let's take a walk through our new house. The neighbors have been so kind in arranging everything; it seems homelike already. When our books and pictures come from Boston, and I have some plants in the sunny windows——"

"It will be perfectly lovely, mother, won't it?" finished Trudy.

From the little front hall they went into father's den at one side and the dining-room at the other. Beyond the den was the living-room,

that had once been two bedrooms and was now almost as long as the whole house. Behind the dining-room was the kitchen, and, leading from it, another one.

"Oh," cried Trudy before mother could explain, "this is our summer kitchen, isn't it? Where we cook when it is terribly hot, and where we make butter in the summer! Mother, are you going to make butter? I suppose we shall have to buy milk from grandfather or Mr. Turner."

Mother smiled. They went on, through the shed, where a great supply of wood was neatly piled at one side, and into the barn, smelling of new hay. There they found father and Timothy and grandfather and the Santa Claus man. Trudy heard them talking, but she heard other sounds that she knew very well—a horse stamping in the stall, cows munching their supper of hay and, yes, a pig squealing behind the barn!

The Santa Claus man dodged when he saw her and pretended to hide in the harness room, but she caught him.

"You did it—you did it! I know!" she said. "Now come and show me all the animals."

"Well, yes," he confessed, "I did. But I have a good excuse for piling all this work on your poor father. How could your mother make butter to send to Miss Margaret and me all winter in Washington unless your father had some cows to milk? And how could he drive to the station to get all the rose-bushes and the sun-dial and the bird bath that we are going to send up, unless he had a horse and wagon? And where would nice fresh eggs come from if there were not some Rhode Island Reds for Trudy to feed? Answer me those questions, young woman!"

He pretended to be very fierce, but Trudy knew he was not thinking wholly about himself.

"That reminds me," said father, "I must milk our two cows this very minute. Mrs. Samuel Todd, would you be kind enough to get those shiny new milk-pails from our summer kitchen?"

"Can you milk?" asked Trudy in astonishment.

"Ask grandfather. He made me milk seven cows twice a day when I was a boy. I don't believe I've forgotten all my early training."

"We will all watch you and see how well you do it," said grandfather.

Father picked up a wooden box in one hand and a pail in the other and went into the stall. Trudy followed. Very soon the others heard a tinkling sound as the thin streams of milk shot into the pail and Trudy called, "He can! He can milk! Father's doing as well as you do, grandfather."

"I'm so relieved," sighed Mr. Johnston, "for what good would my two cows be if no one knew how to milk them?"

Mother said she was thirsty for some new milk and went into the house for glasses. When she came back, she had a tray full of glasses, and a saucer. Amos followed her. He had something under his coat, but Trudy was so excited she did not notice it. She ran to hug him. He pushed her away, saying, "Careful, now—don't spoil my surprise!"

At this Timothy ran out from the horse's stall

where he had been making friends with the new horse.

"Another surprise," cried Trudy. "Oh, what is going to happen next?"

Mother had been getting some milk, and now came back with the blue saucer full, white and frothy. She set the saucer on the floor. Amos opened his coat and down jumped a kitten as white as the milk that she immediately began to lap.

"Oh," breathed Trudy, stooping to stroke her, "isn't she lovely? Amos, where did you get her? Are you going to keep her?"

Amos chuckled. "I picked her off a cat-o'-nine-tails bush alongside the road. That's the reason she has such a bushy tail!"

The kitten had long hair and was all white except her tail. That was gray, and as long and thick as a lovely soft feather. Amos said she was an Angora cat.

The kitten finished her milk, lapped her mouth and looked around. Then she jumped up on Trudy's shoulder and cuddled down, purring and blinking.

"There now," said Amos with a big sigh of relief, "that settles it. I've been worrying about what I should do with that cat ever since I was careless enough to pick her, but she seems to have made up her mind. I guess she has decided to live with you, Trudy."

"Oh, mother, may we keep the darling thing?"

"Of course, dear. We could not get along without a cat."

"I hope she is a good mouser," said father. "She'll keep the rats and mice away from the barn."

"Name her Snowball," advised Timothy. "When she cuddles down like that, with her green eyes shut and her gray tail under her out of sight, she looks like a big soft snowball."

So Snowball she was.

Father came out with a pail full of warm milk and strained it into the glasses. Every one agreed that warm milk in a nice clean country barn was far ahead of ice-cream soda in a city store.

All the callers went away together, but Amos

turned back to Trudy who sat in the barn door with Snowball in her lap.

"Take good care of her," he said, "and be sure she is always at home when I come. I don't want a single house on my fish-route without a cat to run out and meet me and say how-do-you-do!"

CHAPTER XVII

THANKSGIVING

THE days were very short now. The sun lay abed late in the morning and went to bed early at night, resting for the long summer time when he would have to shine so many bright, unclouded hours. It was only a little after four o'clock when he winked his drowsy good-night to Trudy over the western hills and pulled his red and gold blankets down from the sky. The trees had dropped their leaves to make a warm covering for the sleeping flowers and ferns, and waved their bare branches in the cold November winds. The oaks still kept their rustling brown leaves, but only the firs and pines and hemlocks were green; the Santa Claus trees, Trudy called them.

Miss Margaret and Mr. Johnston were still in the new house. The furnace kept them warm and they could have stayed all winter, but Mr.

Johnston had to go to Washington to attend to his business and he wanted Miss Margaret to keep him company. He told Trudy and Timothy that Donald lived very near and often came over to see them. They planned to stay in Todd's Ferry until after Thanksgiving.

Trudy's father and mother wanted to do something to show how much they appreciated Mr. Johnston's kindness, and one day they were talking about it when Trudy came home from school.

"Let's ask Trudy," suggested father. "Trudy-girl, do you think that Miss Margaret and Mr. Johnston would like to spend Thanksgiving with us?"

"Oh, I know they would," Trudy cried. "And I think it would be lovely! Timothy could come, too, couldn't he?"

"Of course, Timothy and grandmother and grandfather."

"And Amos!"

"Yes, and Amos, too, for Amos hasn't any family to eat Thanksgiving dinner with him, and he would be lonely."

"Snowball wants Amos to come," said Trudy,

as Snowball ran into the room. "Snowball loves her Uncle Amos."

"She loves her Uncle Amos's fish!" laughed father.

"I'll write him a note and Trudy can leave it at the store when she goes to school," said mother. "And I'll ask the others myself tomorrow."

A few days later Timothy and Trudy were cracking butternuts in grandmother's kitchen. They were keeping house while grandmother was looking over her preserves in the cellar.

"Timothy," said Trudy, "what do you suppose I heard father and Mr. Johnston say last night?"

"Don't know," grunted Timothy, pounding the hard shells.

"I was up-stairs, putting Judith to bed. You know my room is over the living-room and there is a register in the floor so I could not help hearing them. It was awfully queer!"

"Well, what was it?"

"Father said, 'I'm not much of a talker, but I'll do the best I can,' and Mr. Johnston said,

I'm sure you have lots of interesting cards, and it would be all new to them,' and then father said, 'Yes, and the room is plenty large,' and Mr. Johnston said, 'I can run the thing all right,' and then they went out to the barn. What do you suppose they meant?"

"I don't know," replied Timothy. "It sounds like a lecture. Does Uncle Sam ever give lectures?"

"Of course he doesn't. He's a bookkeeper."

"If it's anything that's any good we'll probably find out. You'd better not eat so many of those nuts. There won't be enough for the nut bread."

Mr. Perkins had brought so many boxes of books and pictures and supplies of all kinds to Mr. Samuel Todd that Trudy had ceased to be curious, and so she never noticed a square box standing in the corner of the shed.

Grandmother came over and helped mother get ready for Thanksgiving. They cooked in the morning, but in the evening Trudy helped too. She picked out nut meats and stoned raisins and cut up citron.

The night before Thanksgiving it snowed, but in the morning the sun shone, making the fresh white snow sparkle like jewels. Timothy brought his flexible flyer down from the shed attic, and although the snow was soft, he could slide down the slope of the meadow as he did nearly a year before when he was waiting for his unknown Cousin Trudy. To-day, however, he did not pull his sled back to his own house, but up the other side of the meadow to Trudy's door.

"I've come," he announced. "I came early because I wanted to. Grandmother said to tell you she would be over in just a few minutes, in case there was anything she could do."

Trudy's father was fussing about in the living-room and her mother was setting the table.

"Why don't you children go up after Miss Margaret?" she suggested.

They thought that was a fine idea and started at once. They tramped through the smooth snowy fields, their feet sinking and making zig-zag tracks as they ran about. The sled bumped and bounced behind them.

At the big house, Mr. Johnston was sweeping the piazza.

"Oh, Margaret," he called. "Lock the doors. Barricade yourself! Here come two bold highwaymen and I think they are going to carry us off."

But Miss Margaret did no such thing. She came out on the high piazza, all in white, as they had seen her at the sugar-party, and waved her hand.

"Isn't the snow beautiful?" she said. "And you have brought the sled. How I should love to slide!"

"Well, come on, then," said Timothy. "This flexible flyer is good and strong. We'll give you a ride."

Miss Margaret laughed and came down the steps. She gathered her short white skirt about her and crouched on the sled. Timothy gave it a push and away she went, down the hill, the white tassel of her cap streaming out on the wind. When the others joined her, Mr. Johnston said, "Stay where you are, Margaret. I'll give my sister a ride on Thanksgiving morning."

Amos, coming up the other way, met them in the door-yard. The others came out to greet them and they all laughed and talked at once. In the house there was more laughing and talking, and at dinner-time grandfather said not even all the good food could stop them. They had the best time!

After the table was cleared, they heard voices in the yard, and sleigh-bells and horses stamping. The children ran to the windows. There were Belle Perkins and her father and mother, and Mr. Turner, and Ben Dobson with Miss Fields, and, coming up the road, still more people.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Trudy. "Every one in Todd's Ferry is coming to our house."

"Not quite everybody," said father, going to the door; "just a few of our best friends, come to help us enjoy something."

When they had all taken off their wraps and the men had put the horses in the barn, father said, "Now, everybody come into the living-room, and, please, all sit at the end by the fire-place."

They had to crowd a little, but some stood and some sat on the floor, and all of them laughed and wondered what was going to happen. Trudy wondered too—it was all a surprise. Mother pulled down the green curtains and shut out the sunshine; father smoothed out a sheet that was hung on a wire across the other end of the room, and Mr. Johnston disappeared behind it.

In a moment they saw a light gleaming behind the sheet and heard a click, and on the middle of the white curtain appeared a lovely picture of a little brook, flowing between green banks, with huge old trees on either side, hung with long streamers of gray moss!

Everybody clapped.

Then father told them that Mr. Johnston had bought this machine to show post-cards and pictures—he called it a reflectroscope—and given it to the people of Todd's Ferry. He thought it would be nice to use in day school and in Sunday school, and probably they could think of many other ways to enjoy it.

And everybody clapped again and again!

Trudy knew now what father and Mr. Johnston had meant when they had talked so mysteriously.

Father told about the pictures that Mr. Johnston showed on the screen. There were beautiful views of Florida, and some funny ones, like Timothy's alligator card. Then there was a picture of Lamey, so natural that Amos said he could hear her squawk, but Trudy said that wasn't Lamey, it was Henrietta out in the barn! They showed many of the post-cards that had been sold in T. and T. Todd's store; they showed snap shots of nearly every one there, and when these were thrown on the screen father said he had done his share of talking, and each one whose picture was shown must make a speech. Amos and Mr. Turner made joking ones. There hadn't been time to take any picture of mother, but she wanted to say something, so she stood by the fireplace with her arm around Trudy's shoulders and made her speech.

"I've never been at Todd's Ferry very much," she said, "only to visit now and then; so I didn't feel very well acquainted when I

came here to live, but you have all been so kind to us that I must tell you how I appreciate it. I want to thank you for being so good to my little girl and making her happy when her father and I were far away. Please come and see us often in our new home and make us feel that we are truly a part of Todd's Ferry."

Grandfather pulled up the shades and grandmother came from the kitchen with home-made candy and a great bowl of pop-corn. They played games for an hour and then it was time to go home, but they all promised to come again soon and asked Trudy's father and mother to come and see them.

The next day Mr. Johnston and Miss Margaret went back to Washington. Trudy cried, and even Timothy was very cross and blinky, but the white lady laughed and hugged them tight, saying, "You precious little sillies, don't you know if we didn't go away we should never have the fun of coming back again? Take care of everything, and be ready to welcome us early in the spring."

All the way down to the railroad station peo-

ple were watching for the stage. At each house they ran out into the snow to wave to Mr. Johnston and his sister and to call, "Good-bye, good-bye! Come back soon!"

In the little red farmhouse Trudy snuggled up to her father and mother.

"I'm awfully sorry to have them go," she said, "but—oh, I'm so glad we're going to stay here. I just hated to go back to Boston."

"So—did—I," said father, but not until Trudy was a big girl did she know that the doctor had said that father must never go back to the city to work. The Santa Claus man had learned this, and had made father a more wonderful gift than he had given Trudy. For he only gave Trudy a house, but he gave father health and strength and life itself!

"Me-ow, me-ow," teased Snowball, jumping up on Trudy's shoulder and nipping her ear.

"Goodness," exclaimed father, "I haven't fed a cow or a horse or a hen, and I must go up to the big house and see that things are all right. Come, Trudy."

Mother wanted to go too, and they all walked

over the crisp white snow to the big house. They climbed the steps and stood on the wide piazza, looking over the beautiful country. Soft gray smoke rose straight in the air from the chimneys of Todd's Ferry. The Santa Claus trees stood out sharply in patches of green against the glistening snow. The sun in the blue sky shone full in Trudy's face, so strong and bright that he shut her eyes, and then he showed her pictures—the fields all green, the friends all back again and all the happy times that were waiting for her in her new home!

The Books in this Series are:

TRUDY AND TIMOTHY
TRUDY AND TIMOTHY OUT-OF-DOORS (in press)

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